THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

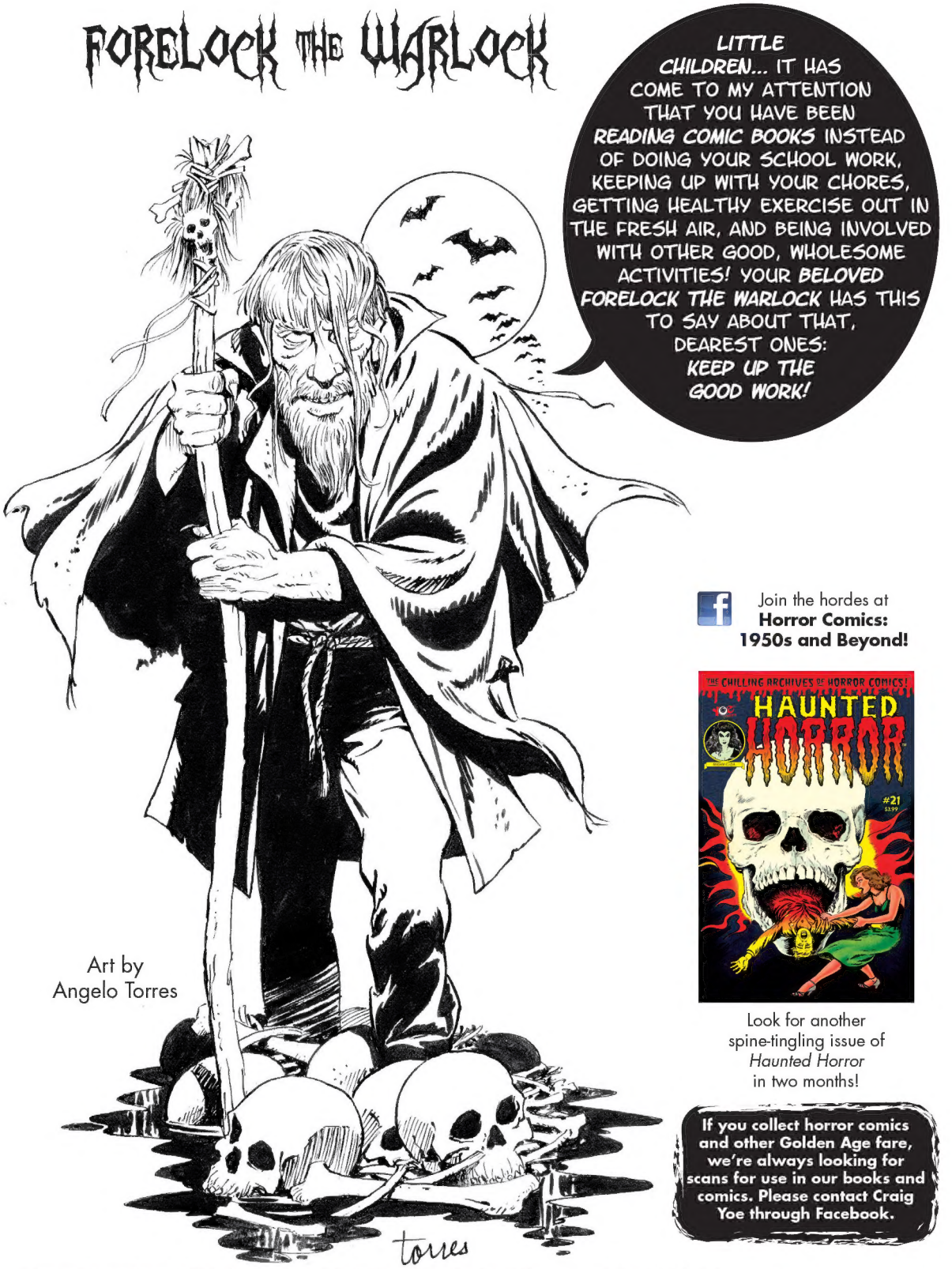
YOE® COMICS

FORELOCK the WARLOCK

#20

HAUNTED HORROR™

FORELOCK THE WARLOCK


LITTLE CHILDREN... IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU HAVE BEEN READING COMIC BOOKS INSTEAD OF DOING YOUR SCHOOL WORK, KEEPING UP WITH YOUR CHORES, GETTING HEALTHY EXERCISE OUT IN THE FRESH AIR, AND BEING INVOLVED WITH OTHER GOOD, WHOLESOME ACTIVITIES! YOUR BELOVED FORELOCK THE WARLOCK HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT THAT, DEAREST ONES: KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
torres

Art by
Angelo Torres

Join the hordes at
**Horror Comics:
1950s and Beyond!**

Look for another
spine-tingling issue of
Haunted Horror
in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe. Contributing Editors: Tillmann Courth, Mike Howlett, and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Blue Bolt Weird Tales of Terror* #114, August 1952. Artist: L.B. Cole. Star Publications.

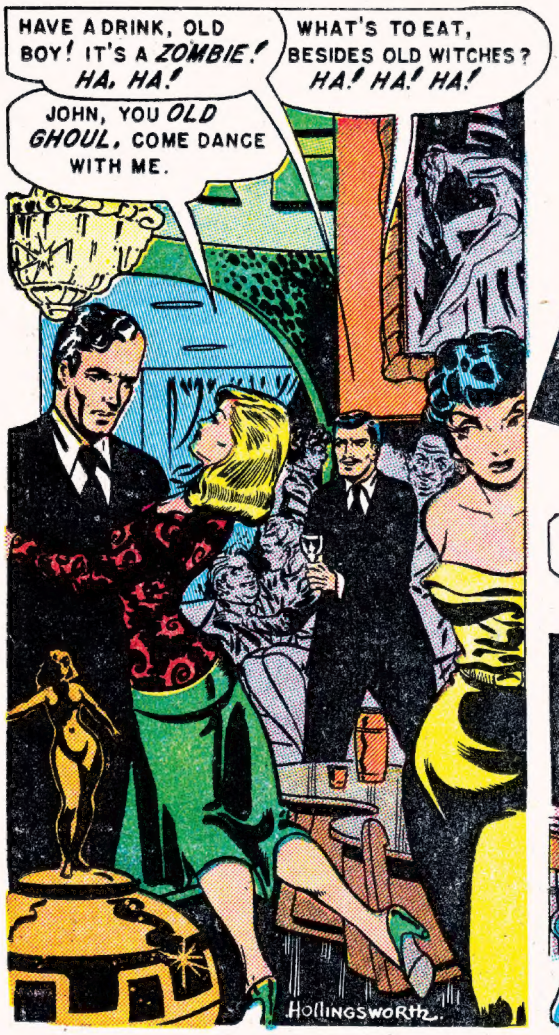
IDW
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM

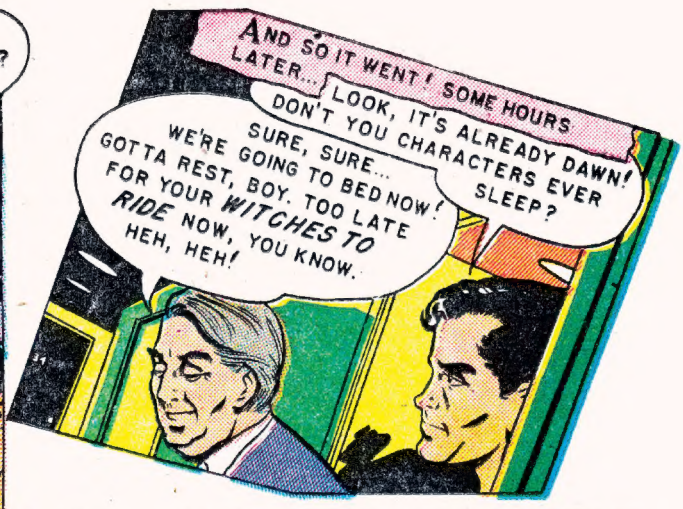
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights

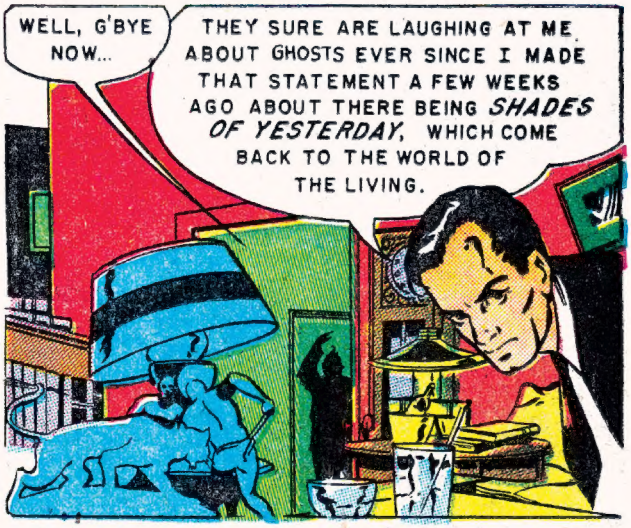
Haunted Horror #20, December 2015. FIRST PRINTING. © 2015 Gussoni-Yoe Studio, Inc. All Rights Reserved, including the digital remastering of the material. Yoe Books is a trademark of Gussoni-Yoe Studio, Inc. Yoe is a registered trademark of Gussoni-Yoe Studio, Inc. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.

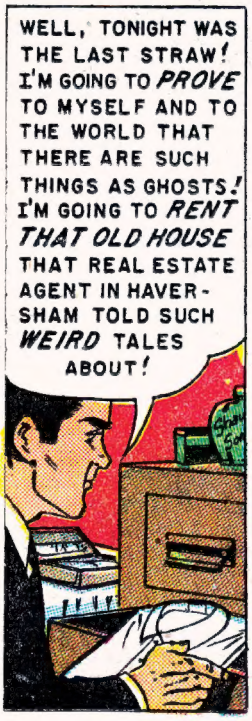
THE HORROR of VAN MORT!
JOHN HARVIN BELIEVED IN GHOSTS AND WITCHES. HE FEARED THE CREEPING SNEAKING SOUNDS OF THE QUIET NIGHT. HIS IDEAS ON THE WORLDS BEYOND THE GRAVE, MADE HIM THE BUTT OF THE JOKES OF HIS GAY FRIENDS WHO LAUGHED AT HIS TALES OF VOODOO AND WITCHES. BUT AS YOU WILL SEE, DEAR READER, THEY DIDN'T LAUGH LAST.... HEE, HEE...!
AHH! IS THAT BED GOING TO FEEL GOOD! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A DECENT NIGHT'S REST IN MONTHS WITH THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE BARGING IN AT ALL HOURS WITH THEIR WILD PARTIES AND TRICKS... OH, OH... WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OH, NO!
HIYA, JOHN! HOW'S THE BOY?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED SO EARLY? REALLY NOW, JOHN! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AT NIGHT... HA, HA...
1

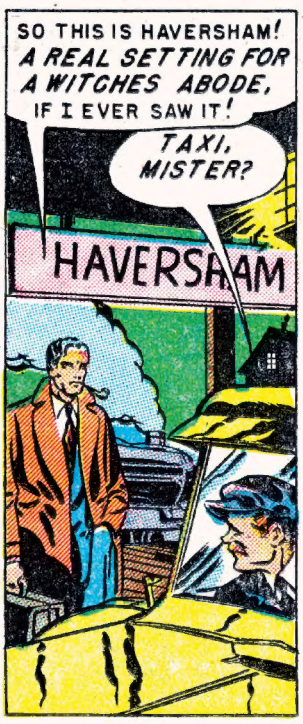
Mysterious Adventures #4, October 1951. Artist: A.C. Hollingsworth. Publisher: Story Comics.

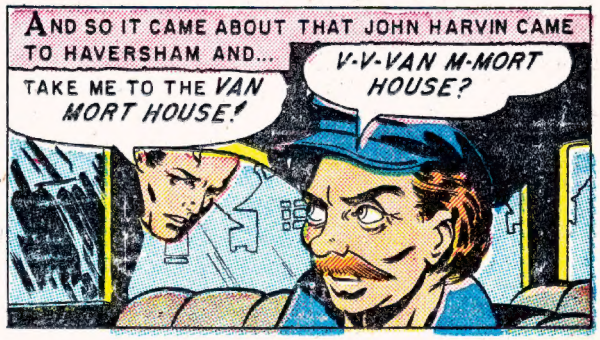

HAVE A DRINK, OLD BOY! IT'S A ZOMBIE! HA, HA!
WHAT'S TO EAT, BESIDES OLD WITCHES? HA! HA! HA!
JOHN, YOU OLD GHOUL, COME DANCE WITH ME.
HOLLINGSWORTH

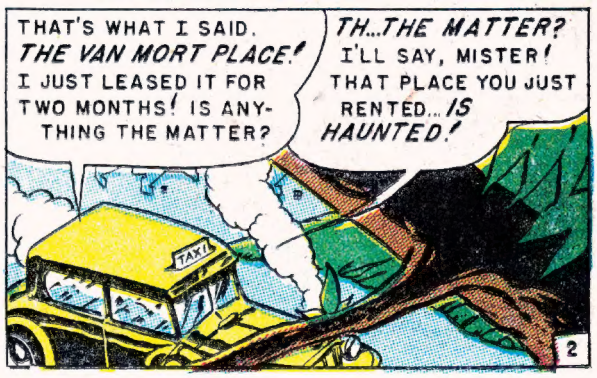

AND SO IT WENT! SOME HOURS LATER...
LOOK, IT'S ALREADY DAWN! DON'T YOU CHARACTERS EVER SLEEP?
SURE, SURE... WE'RE GOING TO BED NOW! GOTTA REST, BOY. TOO LATE FOR YOUR WITCHES TO RIDE NOW, YOU KNOW. HEH, HEH!


WELL, G'BYE NOW...
THEY SURE ARE LAUGHING AT ME ABOUT GHOSTS EVER SINCE I MADE THAT STATEMENT A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT THERE BEING SHADES OF YESTERDAY, WHICH COME BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.


WELL, TONIGHT WAS THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MYSELF AND TO THE WORLD THAT THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'M GOING TO RENT THAT OLD HOUSE THAT REAL ESTATE AGENT IN HAVERSHAM TOLD SUCH WEIRD TALES ABOUT!


SO THIS IS HAVERSHAM! A REAL SETTING FOR A WITCHES ABODE, IF I EVER SAW IT!
TAXI, MISTER?
HAVERSHAM


AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT JOHN HARVIN CAME TO HAVERSHAM AND...
TAKE ME TO THE VAN MORT HOUSE!
V-V-VAN M-MORT HOUSE?


THAT'S WHAT I SAID. THE VAN MORT PLACE! I JUST LEASED IT FOR TWO MONTHS! IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?
TH...THE MATTER? I'LL SAY, MISTER! THAT PLACE YOU JUST RENTED... IS HAUNTED!
TAXI

JOHN SCOFFED PURPOSELY AT THE CAB DRIVER'S SUPERSTITIONS SO AS TO GET THE STORY...

HAUNTED? HA! HA!

YOU LAUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE *HISTORY OF OLD VAN MORT AND HIS CANE!* YES, IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL *TURN AROUND* AND *NEVER SET FOOT IN THE OLD HOUSE OF VAN MORT!*

IT ALL STARTED WAY BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THIS WAS STILL BRITISH COLONY LAND...THE RICHEST MAN IN THE COLONY WAS OLD VAN MORT AND ALSO THE *UGLIEST!*

SQUIRE VAN MORT, YOU MAKE A DASHING FIGURE STANDING THERE HOLDING YOUR CANE. YOU INSPIRE ME TO GREAT HEIGHTS.

ENOUGH OF YOUR FLATTERY!

AH, MY DEAR HUSBAND! AT LAST YOU ARE HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED. AND WITH THE CANE I GAVE TO YOU ON OUR HONEYMOON!

JANE! YOU STARTLED ME!...YES, I FINALLY AGREED TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT DONE. IT TOOK TIME TO GET THE COURAGE TO HAVE THIS *UGLY FACE OF MINE* SET DOWN ON CANVAS!

YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK SO, MY HUSBAND. TO ME YOU ARE NOT UGLY. I LOVE YOU.

EXCUSE ME. THE PORTRAIT IS QUITE FINISHED. I SHALL RETURN TOMORROW FOR A FINISHING TOUCH. I AM VERY PLEASED! THIS IS MY MASTERPIECE!

I SHALL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR, MR. COPELAND.

THANK YOU, MADAM. I MUST DO YOUR PORTRAIT SOMEDAY, ALSO.

AH...H...H! I AM INDEED A LUCKY MAN. ALL MY RICHES WOULD BE *WORTHLESS* TO ME WITHOUT MY WIFE. THE WORLD CALLS ME UGLY. ONLY SHE SEES BEAUTY IN ME.

BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW? I DID NOT HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE FOR THE YOUNG PAINTER TO LEAVE. I WONDER IF SOMETHING IS AMISS?
I'LL GO A... OH!
DARLING! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RID YOURSELF OF THAT UGLY MONKEY?
SO! UGLY MONKEY, AM I? OH, WISH I WOULD DIE, EH? WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN TO THINK A GIRL LIKE YOU COULD LOVE ME! I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU BOTH WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!
WHA... YOU... YOU HEARD?
YOU'LL BEAT NO ONE, YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER! THE ONE TO BE BEATEN WILL BE YOU! GIVE ME THAT CANE!
THERE!
LEAVE THE UGLY THING. LET HIM ROT WITH HIS UGLINESS AND HIS MONEY, GEORGE. LET US FLEE THIS HOUSE!
OLD VAN MORT SOON DIED OF A BROKEN HEART. HIS LAST REQUEST WAS A STRANGE ONE. HE WISHED TO BE BURIED WITH THE CANE GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS UNFAITHFUL WIFE... THE WOMAN HE HATED!
R. VAN MORT 1739
SO THAT'S THE SUPERSTITION ABOUT THIS PLACE, EH?
IT AIN'T NO FAIRY TALE, EITHER, MISTER. VAN MORT'S WIFE AND THE PAINTER WERE FOUND DEAD SOON AFTER VAN MORT WAS BURIED... APPARENTLY BEATEN TO DEATH...
4

THAT AIN'T ALL. OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE AND CALLED VAN MORT UGLY, SOON MET WITH A STRANGE DEATH! DON'T GO IN! GO BACK! OR VAN MORT'S GHOST WILL GET YOU!
TAXI

WHAT A STORY THAT CABBY TOLD! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO PROVE MY THEORIES!... EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... AS IF OLD VAN MORT'S GHOST WAS LOOKING AT ME NOW!

SOME DAYS LATER...
THE OLD BOY HASN'T HARMED ME YET. BUT I'M NOT CALLING HIM ANY NAMES. I DON'T WANT HIM ANGRY WHEN HE DOES REAPPEAR! WHAT... THE DOOR?
RAP! RAP!

YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOK, JOHNNY BOY! IT'S ME, LOIS... AND BILL AND MYRNA! AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME? WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HELP YOU LOOK FOR A GHOST... HEH, HEH!

NO! I'M TIRED OF YOU, POKING FUN AT MY BELIEFS! GO HOME! I'M HERE TO SEE FOR MYSELF IF STORIES OF THINGS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ARE TRUE!
SLAM!

I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU KNOW THAT LEGEND ABOUT A GHOST WITH A CANE WE HEARD IN TOWN ABOUT THIS PLACE? WELL, LET'S PLAY A TRICK ON JOHN!
GOOD!... WE'LL SCARE HIM SILLY!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THE THREE CAME BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE AND... LET'S HIDE IN THIS CORNER. JOHN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
HA, HA, HA, HA!

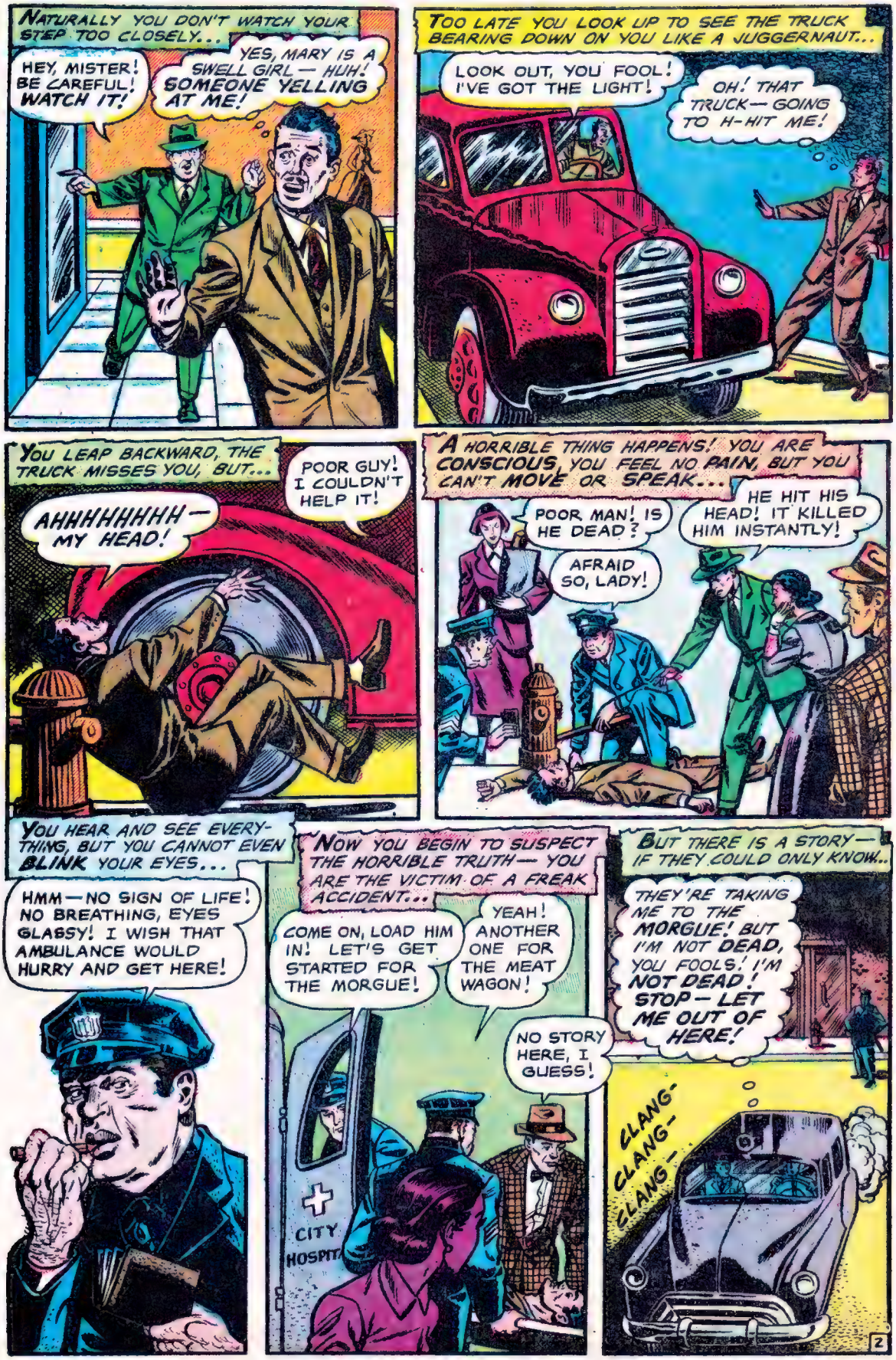
THESE RATTLING CHAINS AND THUMPING NOISES WILL SET HIM UP. OKAY, LOIS, SCREAM AND MAKE IT SOUND SCARY!
EEEEE!

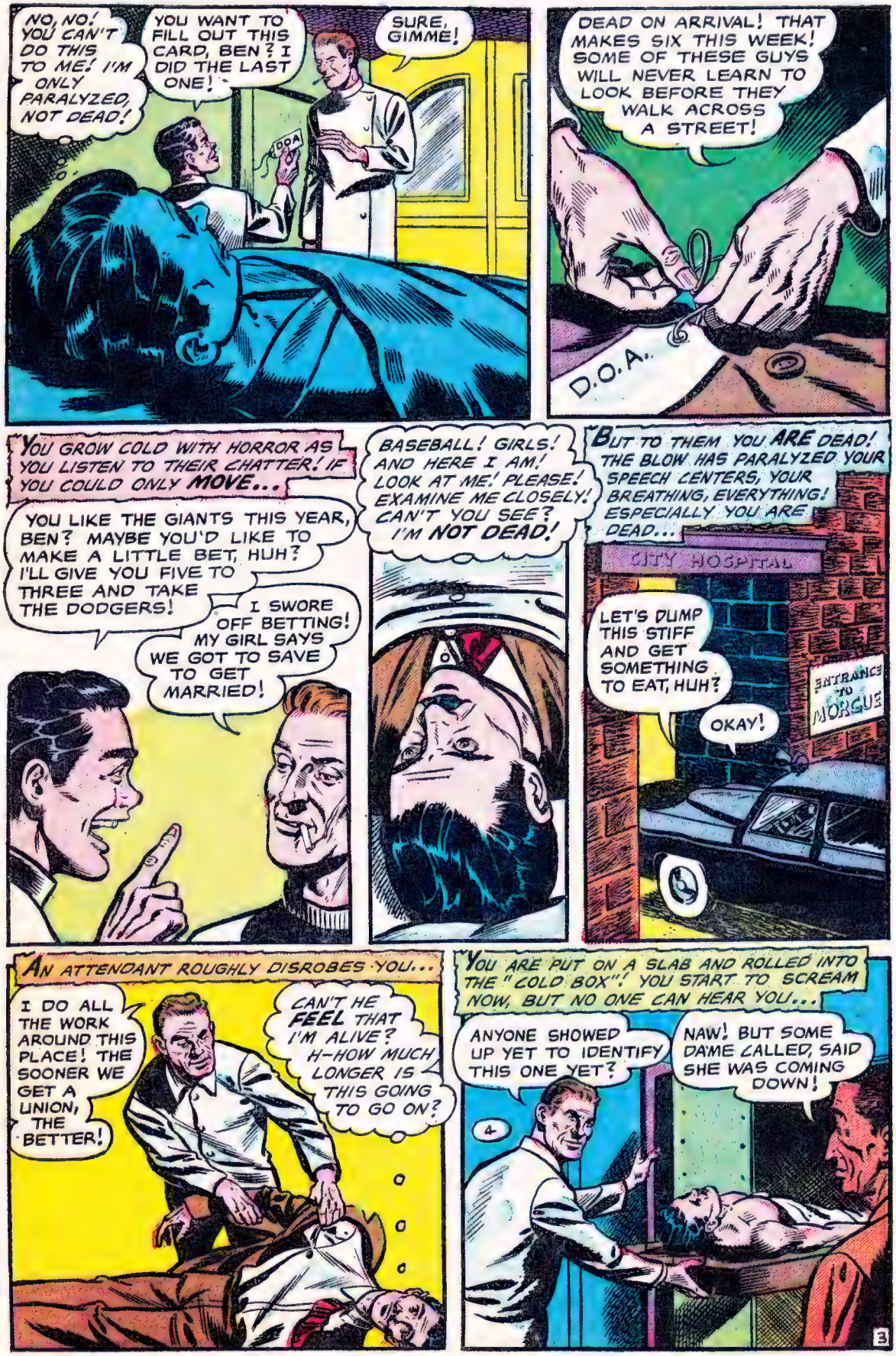
W-WHY... A SCREAM! IT CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS! WHAT COULD IT BE?
EEEEEEEE!
I HEAR CHAINS AND THUMPS LIKE FOOTSTEPS! C-CAN IT B-BE VAN MORT'S GHOST AFTER ALL?
RATTLE! RATTLE! THUMP!
I-IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE OLD PORTRAIT! I'LL...
EEEEEE!
YAAAAAA!
HELP! HELP! THE GHOST OF VAN MORT! HELP! HELP! IT'S AFTER ME!
HA, HA, HA, HA! DID YOU SEE HIM RUN?
A-AND YELLING ABOUT THE... HA, HA, HA!... THE GHOST OF VAN MORT!
ISN'T HE UGLY?
AH, YES, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL PLAY GHOST AND MEDDLE IN THE MATTERS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD! EVEN AS THESE THREE FOOLS POKE FUN AT THE PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT...
SAY, I THOUGHT I SAW IT... YAAAA! I-IT DID! IT'S COMING! IT'S TALKING!
YOU... DARE... LAUGH?... AND CALL ME UGLY?
6

LATER, WHEN JOHN HARVIN RETURNED WITH THE POLICE...
I-I ONLY WANTED TO SEE THE GHOST! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD TURN ON ME! I JUST WANT TO GET MY THINGS OUT OF THERE AND NEVER COME BACK!
YOU FOLKS WON'T BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL YOU THE PLACE IS DANGEROUS. SMART ALECKS! WELL, LET'S GO IN...
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE! OPEN THAT DOOR!
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
LOIS AND MYRNA! THEY'VE AGED TWENTY YEARS AND ARE COMPLETELY MAD! WHAT COULD THEY HAVE SEEN?
LOOK!
HA! HA!
...AND...AND BILL!
HE'S BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH...BY THAT BROKEN CANE!
BEATEN TO DEATH BY HIS CANE...THE GHOST OF VAN MORT DID IT! BUT HOW?
SAY, LOOK AT THE PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT! IT CARRIES A CANE...LIKE THIS PIECE OF WOOD!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! I'M GOING TO BURN THIS EVIL PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT!
R-RIP!
GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK! A SKELETON AND A BROKEN CANE!
I'LL BURN IT TOO... AND WITH IT, THE EVIL THAT HAUNTED THIS HOUSE! THIS CANE WILL KILL NO MORE!
YES! BEHIND THE PICTURE WAS VAN MORT'S SKELETON AND A BROKEN CANE!
JOHN BURNED THE SKELETON AND THE CANE. HE RETURNED TO THE CITY! HE STILL BELIEVES IN SPIRITS, BUT HIS CURIOSITY TO SEEK OUT GHOSTS IS GONE! DO YOU BLAME HIM? HMMMM?

CRY from the COFFIN
YOU'RE AN AVERAGE GUY ON A FINE SUMMER MORNING, THINKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT YOUR JOB AND HOW MUCH YOU LOVE YOUR BEAUTIFUL WIFE! THEN FATE SNEAKS UP AND STABS YOU IN THE BACK! YOU, OUT OF ALL THE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD! WHY? WHY, YOU CRY IN ANGUISH, WHY YOU? AND THERE IS NO ANSWER! BUT BEHIND THAT DARK CURTAIN YOU HEAR THE LAUGHTER OF FIENDS, MOCKING YOU! YOU ARE HELPLESS, SO HELPLESS! AND THEY PIN THAT FATAL CARD ON YOU — D.O.A.! ONLY YOU KNOW THE HORRIBLE DIFFERENCE — YOU ARE NOT DEAD ON ARRIVAL...
AS YOU LEAVE HOME THAT MORNING, YOU FEEL SWELL...
GEE, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING! NICE AND WINDY, TOO! POOR GIRLS! THEY'RE — (CHUCKLE) — HAVING A TERRIBLE TIME WITH THEIR SKIRTS!
FLORIST
SAY! SOMETIMES I'M ALMOST SORRY I'M A RESPECTABLE OLD MARRIED MAN! HMM — OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THAT! I LOVE MARY WITH ALL MY HEART!

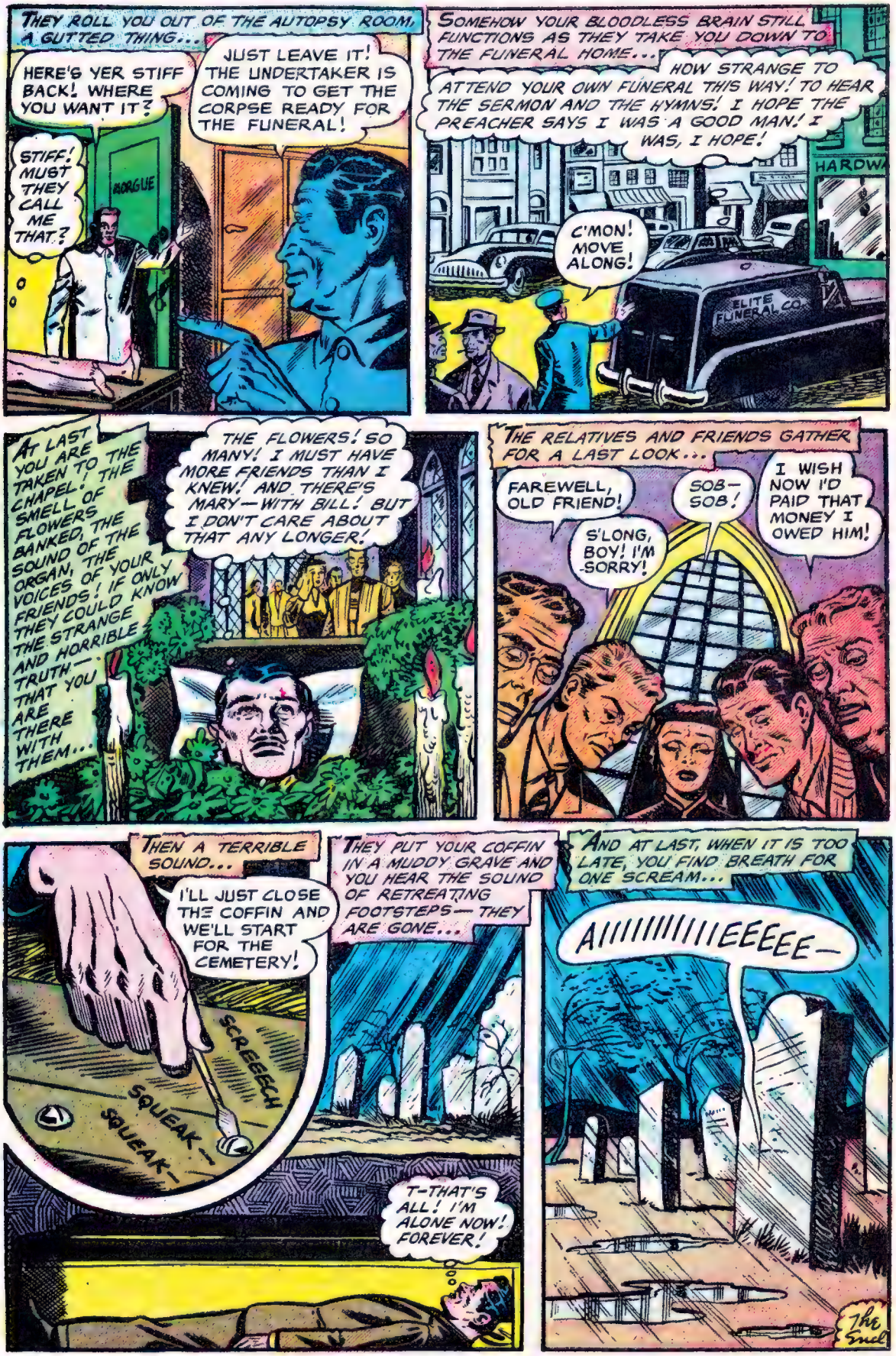
Strange Fantasy #8, October 1953. Artist: the Iger Shop. Publisher: Ajax-Farrell.


NATURALLY YOU DON'T WATCH YOUR STEP TOO CLOSELY...
HEY, MISTER! BE CAREFUL! WATCH IT!
YES, MARY IS A SWELL GIRL — HUH! SOMEONE YELLING AT ME!
TOO LATE YOU LOOK UP TO SEE THE TRUCK BEARING DOWN ON YOU LIKE A JUGGERNAUT...
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! I'VE GOT THE LIGHT!
OH! THAT TRUCK — GOING TO H-HIT ME!
YOU LEAP BACKWARD, THE TRUCK MISSES YOU, BUT...
POOR GUY! I COULDN'T HELP IT!
AHHHHHHHH — MY HEAD!
A HORRIBLE THING HAPPENS! YOU ARE CONSCIOUS, YOU FEEL NO PAIN, BUT YOU CAN'T MOVE OR SPEAK...
POOR MAN! IS HE DEAD?
HE HIT HIS HEAD! IT KILLED HIM INSTANTLY!
AFRAID SO, LADY!
YOU HEAR AND SEE EVERYTHING, BUT YOU CANNOT EVEN BLINK YOUR EYES...
HMM — NO SIGN OF LIFE! NO BREATHING, EYES GLASSY! I WISH THAT AMBULANCE WOULD HURRY AND GET HERE!
NOW YOU BEGIN TO SUSPECT THE HORRIBLE TRUTH — YOU ARE THE VICTIM OF A FREAK ACCIDENT...
COME ON, LOAD HIM IN! LET'S GET STARTED FOR THE MORGUE!
YEAH! ANOTHER ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON!
NO STORY HERE, I GUESS!
CITY HOSPIT
BUT THERE IS A STORY — IF THEY COULD ONLY KNOW...
THEY'RE TAKING ME TO THE MORGUE! BUT I'M NOT DEAD, YOU FOOLS! I'M NOT DEAD! STOP — LET ME OUT OF HERE!
CLANG- CLANG- CLANG-
2


NO, NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M ONLY PARALYZED, NOT DEAD!
YOU WANT TO FILL OUT THIS CARD, BEN? I DID THE LAST ONE!
SURE, GIMME!
DOA
DEAD ON ARRIVAL! THAT MAKES SIX THIS WEEK! SOME OF THESE GUYS WILL NEVER LEARN TO LOOK BEFORE THEY WALK ACROSS A STREET!
D.O.A.
YOU GROW COLD WITH HORROR AS YOU LISTEN TO THEIR CHATTER! IF YOU COULD ONLY MOVE...
YOU LIKE THE GIANTS THIS YEAR, BEN? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A LITTLE BET, HUH? I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE TO THREE AND TAKE THE DODGERS!
I SWORE OFF BETTING! MY GIRL SAYS WE GOT TO SAVE TO GET MARRIED!
BASEBALL! GIRLS! AND HERE I AM! LOOK AT ME! PLEASE! EXAMINE ME CLOSELY! CAN'T YOU SEE? I'M NOT DEAD!
BUT TO THEM YOU ARE DEAD! THE BLOW HAS PARALYZED YOUR SPEECH CENTERS, YOUR BREATHING, EVERYTHING! ESPECIALLY YOU ARE DEAD...
CITY HOSPITAL
LET'S DUMP THIS STIFF AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT, HUH?
OKAY!
ENTRANCE TO MORGUE
AN ATTENDANT ROUGHLY DISROBES YOU...
I DO ALL THE WORK AROUND THIS PLACE! THE SOONER WE GET A UNION, THE BETTER!
CAN'T HE FEEL THAT I'M ALIVE? H-HOW MUCH LONGER IS THIS GOING TO GO ON?
YOU ARE PUT ON A SLAB AND ROLLED INTO THE "COLD BOX"! YOU START TO SCREAM NOW, BUT NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU...
ANYONE SHOWED UP YET TO IDENTIFY THIS ONE YET?
NAW! BUT SOME DAME CALLED, SAID SHE WAS COMING DOWN!
4
3

THE "DAME" IS YOUR WIFE, MARY! WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND, BILL! THEY ROLL YOU OUT OF THAT FREEZING PLACE...
RECOGNIZE HIM, LADY?
OH! Y-YES, THIS IS MY HUSBAND!
YOU MUST BE BRAVE, DARLING!
YES! AT LEAST NOW I WON'T HAVE TO TELL HIM ABOUT US! THAT I WAS GOING TO LEAVE HIM AND GO AWAY WITH YOU, BILL! H-HE WOULD HAVE HATED THE IDEA OF A DIVORCE!
GOODBYE, MY DEAR! PERHAPS IT IS BETTER THIS WAY! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!
MARY!
YOU CAN HEAR CRUEL FATE LAUGHING AT YOU NOW! YOUR WIFE—AND BILL! YOU HAD NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED...
MARY! BILL! COME BACK! I'LL FORGIVE YOU ANYTHING! ONLY SEE, UNDERSTAND, TELL THEM I'M NOT DEAD!
COME, SWEETHEART! WE MUST MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL!
Y-YES!
BUT NOW YOU HAVE ANOTHER WORRY! WHERE ARE THEY TAKING YOU?
THE DOC WANTS THIS ONE! I GUESS THE WIFE GAVE HER PERMISSION!
YEAH! SOME OF THE RELATIVES WON'T LET US DO IT!
WHAT?
THE DOC WILL HAVE A REAL TIME WITH THIS ONE! YOU EVER SEE THE LOOK HE GETS IN HIS EYE WHEN HE DOES AN AUTOPSY?
AUTOPSY! NO! NO! THEY CAN'T CUT ME UP!
BUT THEY CAN...
GET MY SCALPELS READY, HANK! THE SPREADERS, TOO! WHAT DID THIS ONE DIE OF?
TRUCK HIT HIM OR SOMETHING! FUNNY, TOO! HARDLY A MARK ON HIM!
4

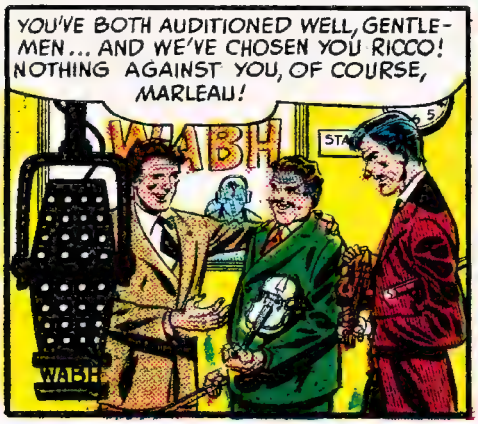
FOR ONE MOMENT THE COLD EYES OF THE DOCTOR STARE DOWN INTO YOURS AND YOU KNOW THE DEPTHS OF TRUE TERROR...
WELL, OLD MAN, I HOPE YOU'LL PARDON THIS! ONLY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY, YOU KNOW!
N-NO! DON'T DO IT! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T DO IT!
AND THEN THE SCALPEL RIPS YOU FROM STERNUM TO NAVEL...
THERE! A NICE CLEAN ENTRY, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
N-NO PAIN! T-THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!
A LATERAL CUT AND YOUR RAW, BLEEDING VISCERA IS NAKED AND EXPOSED — STILL NO PAIN...
GEE, DOC, YOU'RE SURE CUTE WITH THAT KNIFE!
HE WAS A VERY SICK MAN, THIS ONE!
SICK! I WAS NOT, YOU FOOL! I NEVER HAD A SICK DAY IN MY LIFE UNTIL — UNTIL NOW! OH, WHAT IS HE DOING?
I THOUGHT SO! LOOK AT THAT HEART! I'LL BET HE NEVER GUESSED IT, EITHER!
GOT THE VAT OF PRESERVING FLUID READY? I WANT TO KEEP THIS SPECIMEN IN GOOD CONDITION — MIGHT WRITE A PAPER ON THIS!
HERE YOU ARE, DOC! ALL SET!
MY H-HEART!
LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER HEART TO ME, DOC! HOW CAN YA TELL IT WAS BAD?
EASY ENOUGH! THE VALVES ARE IN TERRIBLE SHAPE! THIS FELLOW WOULD HAVE DROPPED DEAD ANY MOMENT! WORST HEART I EVER SAW!
SO I WAS GOING TO DIE ANYWAY! HAH — THAT'S NO CONSOLATION! HERE I AM, RIPPED OPEN, WITH NO HEART, AND STILL I CAN SEE, HEAR AND UNDERSTAND! MY BRAIN STILL WORKS! I'M AS ALIVE AS THEY ARE!
HERE YOU ARE, DOC! THIS STUFF WILL PRESERVE IT!
FINE! DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THIS!
5


THEY ROLL YOU OUT OF THE AUTOPSY ROOM, A GUTTED THING...
HERE'S YER STIFF BACK! WHERE YOU WANT IT?
JUST LEAVE IT! THE UNDERTAKER IS COMING TO GET THE CORPSE READY FOR THE FUNERAL!
STIFF! MUST THEY CALL ME THAT?
MORGUE
SOMEHOW YOUR BLOODLESS BRAIN STILL FUNCTIONS AS THEY TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE FUNERAL HOME...
HOW STRANGE TO ATTEND YOUR OWN FUNERAL THIS WAY! TO HEAR THE SERMON AND THE HYMNS! I HOPE THE PREACHER SAYS I WAS A GOOD MAN! I WAS, I HOPE!
HARDWA
C'MON! MOVE ALONG!
ELITE FUNERAL CO.
AT LAST YOU ARE TAKEN TO THE CHAPEL! THE SMELL OF FLOWERS BANKED, THE SOUND OF THE ORGAN, THE VOICES OF YOUR FRIENDS! IF ONLY THEY COULD KNOW THE STRANGE AND HORRIBLE TRUTH— THAT YOU ARE THERE WITH THEM...
THE FLOWERS! SO MANY! I MUST HAVE MORE FRIENDS THAN I KNEW! AND THERE'S MARY— WITH BILL! BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT ANY LONGER!
THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS GATHER FOR A LAST LOOK...
FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND!
SOB— SOB!
I WISH NOW I'D PAID THAT MONEY I OWED HIM!
S'LONG, BOY! I'M SORRY!
THEN A TERRIBLE SOUND...
I'LL JUST CLOSE THE COFFIN AND WE'LL START FOR THE CEMETERY!
SCREEECH
SQUEAK—
SQUEAK—
THEY PUT YOUR COFFIN IN A MUDDY GRAVE AND YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF RETREATING FOOTSTEPS— THEY ARE GONE...
T-THAT'S ALL! I'M ALONE NOW! FOREVER!
AND AT LAST, WHEN IT IS TOO LATE, YOU FIND BREATH FOR ONE SCREAM...
AIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEE—
The End

THE DESIRE TO GAIN RETRIBUTION IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST OF HUMAN PASSIONS... ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF TRANSCENDING THE GRAVE ITSELF! AS IT DID WHEN HENRI MARLEAU HEARD A MURDERED MAN PLAY HIS....

DEATH SONG!

ALTHOUGH HENRI MARLEAU AND GEORGE RICCO BOTH GRADUATED FROM THE SAME MUSIC CONSERVATORY WITH HIGHEST HONORS, THEIR FORTUNES HAVE HARDLY BEEN IDENTICAL! AT A NEW YORK RADIO STATION...



AND THROUGH THE YEARS, THEIR PATHS CONSTANTLY CROSS...

Weird Terror #2, November 1952. Artist: Don Heck. Publisher: Comic Media.

YEARS PASS AND AS GEORGE RICCO'S FAME AND FORTUNE SKYROCKET, THE FRUSTRATED HENRI MARLEAU, LANGUISHES IN HIS SQUALID ROOM!
I AM THE GREATEST VIRTUOSO IN THE WORLD AND RICCO IS JUST A CHEAP IMITATOR! BUT LOOK AT US!

THAT EVENING...
I AM THE MASTER! AND HE PLAYS INSIDE FOR THOUSANDS WHILE I EARN PENNIES ON THIS STREET CORNER!
GEORGE RICCO
THE GREAT MASTER
GEORGE RICCO

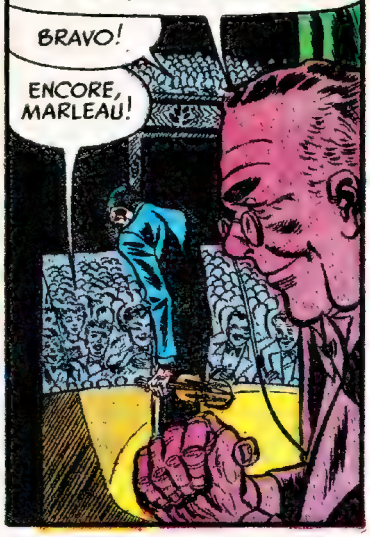
LATER AS THE AUDIENCE LEAVES...
RICCO IS MAGNIFICENT! I COULD LISTEN TO HIM ALL NIGHT!
LOOK AT THIS POOR BEGGAR. GIVE HIM A COIN, DEAR!

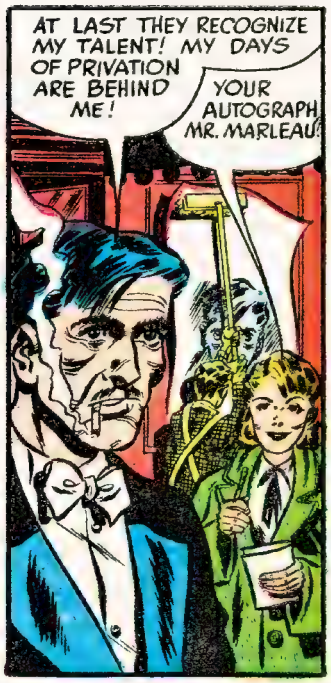
AFTER THE CROWD HAS DEPARTED, AN EMBITTERED AND CRAZED MARLEAU AWAITS THE UNSUSPECTING RICCO!

NOW TO BURY THE BODY WHERE IT WILL NEVER BE FOUND! I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE, RICCO, IN YOUR OWN CAR! HEH, HEH..!
AND THE FIENDISH MURDERER DRIVES HIS VICTIM TO A DESOLATE AREA!
GOODBYE, RICCO! YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE!
CACKLING GLEEFULLY, MARLEAU STARTS BACK TO THE CITY! THEN..!
HA-HA..! HE'LL TORMENT ME NO MORE! WHEN I-- WHA--SACRE BLEU! HIS VIOLIN! I MUST GO BACK..!
BURN, HA-HA BURN..!!
YOUR IDIOTIC VIOLIN SHALL FOLLOW YOU, RICCO... SO THAT YOU MAY PLAY WHEREVER YOU ARE! AH-HA-HA!

THE NEXT EVENING, AS A VAST AUDIENCE WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR A MAN THEY LITTLE REALIZE HAS BEEN MURDERED! MARLEAU, IN A RENTED TUXEDO, PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE DISTRAUGHT MANAGER WHO GRATEFULLY ALLOWS HIM TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ABSENT RICCO!

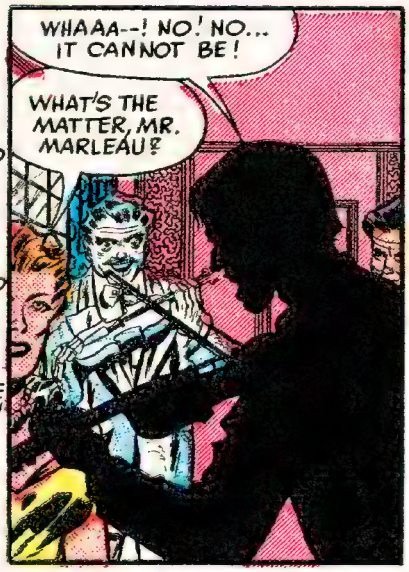
SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY CREATED BY HIS OWN SAVAGE VIOLENCE, THE CRAZED MUSICIAN OUTDOES HIMSELF!

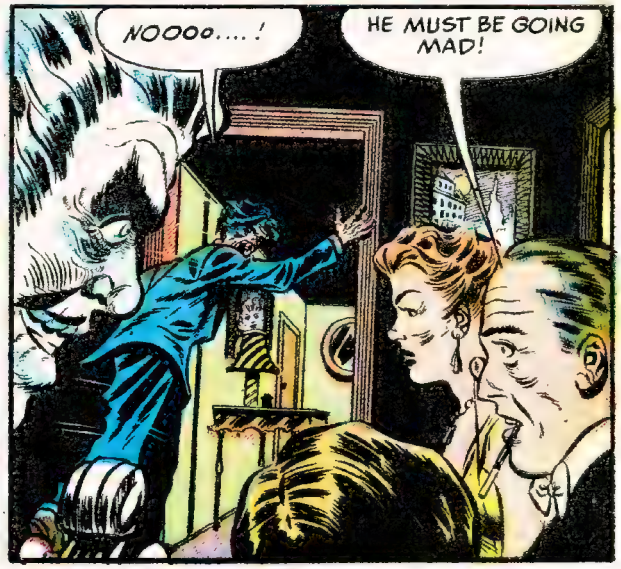




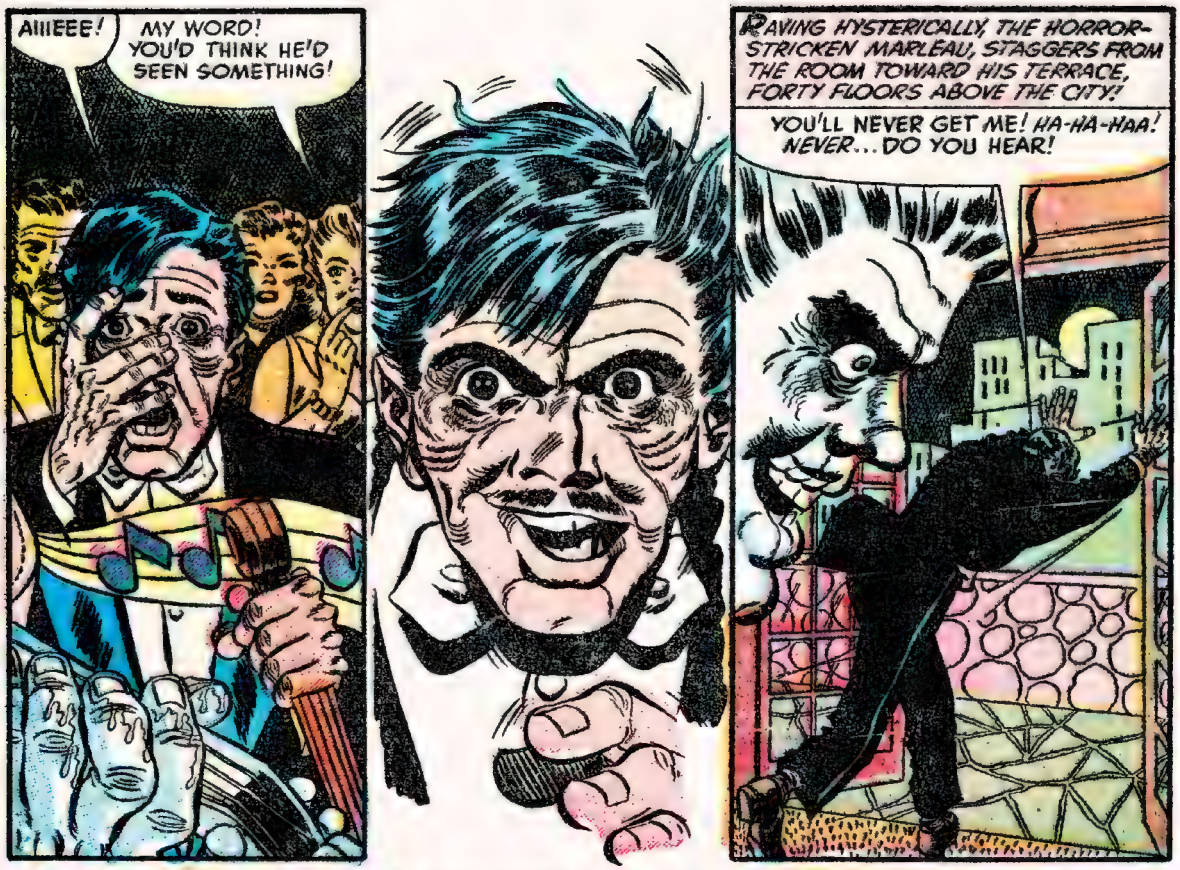
A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF RECITALS, CONCERTS AND RECORDING DATES FOLLOW, AND HENRI MARLEAU'S FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY! AND HIS WEALTH KEEPS PACE...

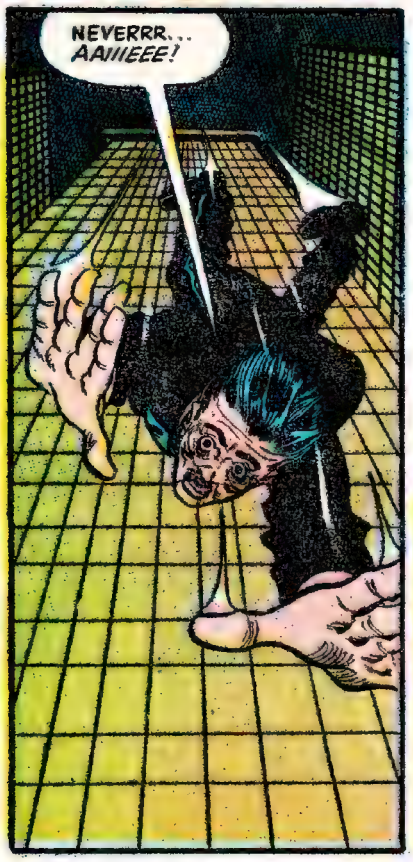
AS THE ENTIRE WORLD APPLAUDS THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GENIUS, MARLEAU IS STARTLED BY AN UNEXPECTED AND UNIVITED GUEST AT AN EXCLUSIVE RICITAL...!



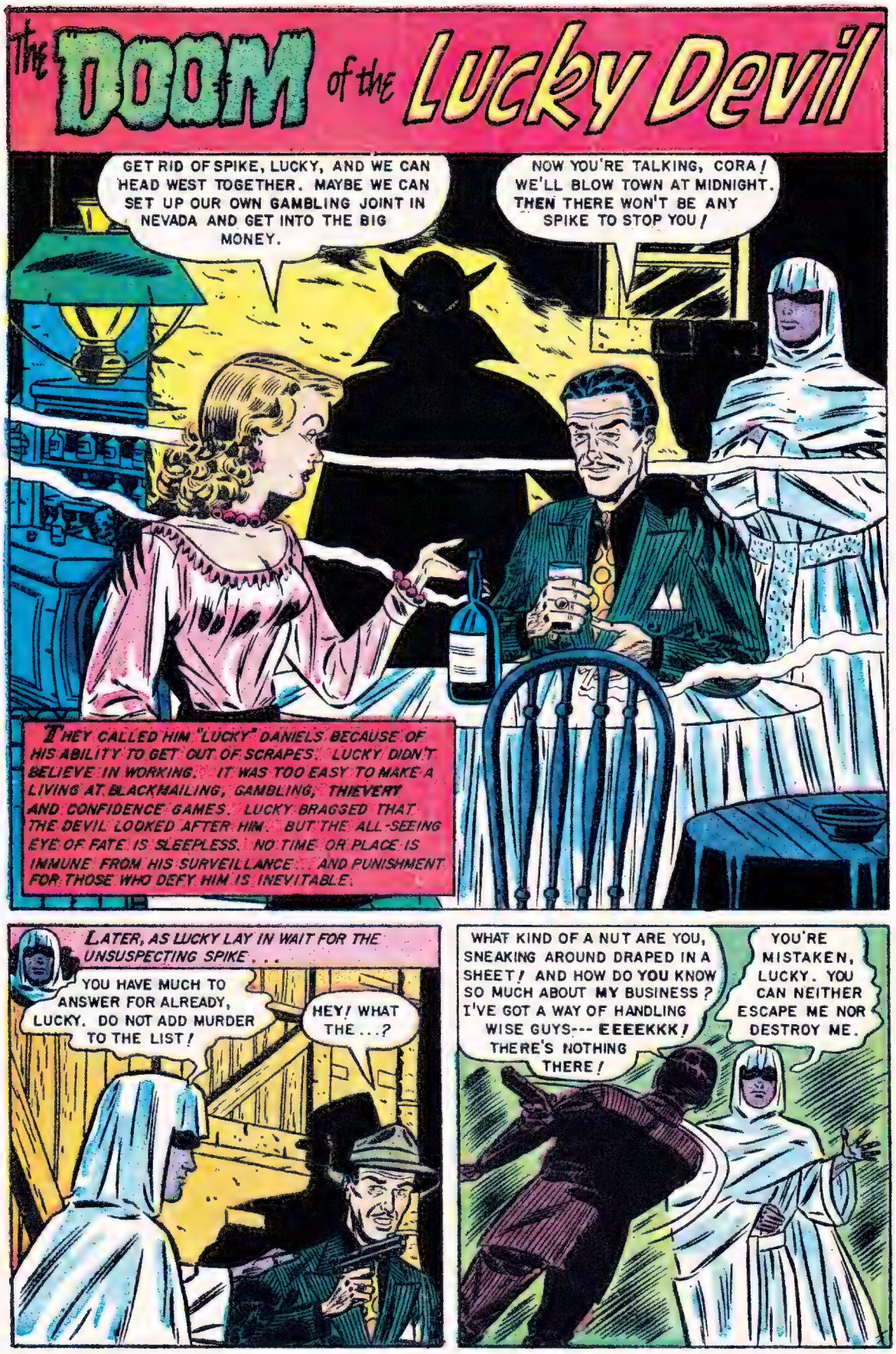


DAYS PASS AND MARLEAU TRIES TO DISMISS THE GRUESOME EPISODE FROM HIS MIND!
I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! I WAS TIRED! OVERWORK THAT'S ALL IT WAS..!
RICCO!
YES, HENRI! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT TO SEE ME AGAIN?
KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD I KILLED YOU..!
RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU HENRI...HA-HA!
LATER THAT WEEK...
AUTOGRAPH, MR. MARLEAU?
WHY-ER-CERTAINLY! OF COURSE!
BUT THE GRUESOME VISION CONTINUED TO PLAGUE THE CRAZED VIOLINIST...
D E A T H
NO..! GO AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD, I SAY..!
MR. MARLEAU! WHAT?
KEEP AWAYYY..!
THE POOR MAN! HE MUST BE GOING INSANE!
THESE UNPREDICTABLE GENIUSES!
WRACKED WITH FEAR, THE TERROR-STRICKEN MARLEAU STRUGGLES TO COMPOSE HIMSELF..! ONE EVENING, AT A PRIVATE RECITAL IN HIS OWN LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...
THEY SAY HE'S BEEN ACTING ECCENTRICALLY, LATELY! BUT, HE STILL PLAYS BRILLIANTLY!
THE MASTER!


AIIIEEE!
MY WORD! YOU'D THINK HE'D SEEN SOMETHING!
RAVING HYSTERICALLY, THE HORROR-STRICKEN MARLEAU, STAGGERS FROM THE ROOM TOWARD HIS TERRACE, FORTY FLOORS ABOVE THE CITY!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! HA-HA-HAA! NEVER... DO YOU HEAR!



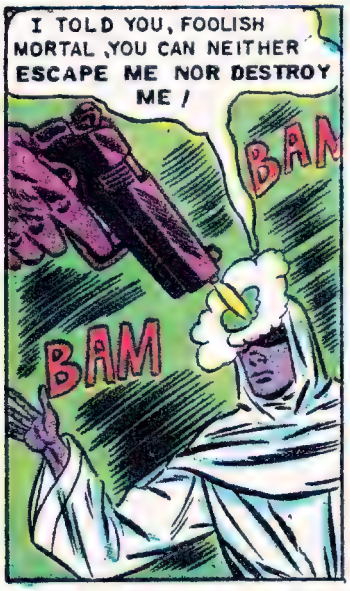
THOSE IN HENRI MARLEAU'S APARTMENT WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT WEIRD, GROTESQUE SIGHT HE SAW...A SIGHT THAT DROVE HIM TO HIS JUST AND VIOLENT DEATH! BUT WHEN THEY REACH HIS BROKEN BODY, THEY SEE SOMETHING EQUALLY AS STARTLING... AND PERHAPS MORE FANTASTIC...!!


the DOOM of the Lucky Devil
GET RID OF SPIKE, LUCKY, AND WE CAN HEAD WEST TOGETHER. MAYBE WE CAN SET UP OUR OWN GAMBLING JOINT IN NEVADA AND GET INTO THE BIG MONEY.
NOW YOU'RE TALKING, CORA! WE'LL BLOW TOWN AT MIDNIGHT. THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY SPIKE TO STOP YOU!
THEY CALLED HIM "LUCKY" DANIELS BECAUSE OF HIS ABILITY TO GET OUT OF SCRAPES. LUCKY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN WORKING. IT WAS TOO EASY TO MAKE A LIVING AT BLACKMAILING, GAMBLING, THIEVERY AND CONFIDENCE GAMES. LUCKY BRAGGED THAT THE DEVIL LOOKED AFTER HIM. BUT THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF FATE IS SLEEPLESS. NO TIME OR PLACE IS IMMUNE FROM HIS SURVEILLANCE... AND PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE WHO DEFY HIM IS INEVITABLE.
LATER, AS LUCKY LAY IN WAIT FOR THE UNSUSPECTING SPIKE...
YOU HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR ALREADY, LUCKY. DO NOT ADD MURDER TO THE LIST!
HEY! WHAT THE...?
WHAT KIND OF A NUT ARE YOU, SNEAKING AROUND DRAPED IN A SHEET! AND HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT MY BUSINESS? I'VE GOT A WAY OF HANDLING WISE GUYS--- EEEEKKK! THERE'S NOTHING THERE!
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, LUCKY. YOU CAN NEITHER ESCAPE ME NOR DESTROY ME.

The Hand of Fate #15, December 1952. Artist: Bill Molno. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

W-WHAT KIND OF STUFF IS THIS! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
MEN CALL ME MANY THINGS. TO THOSE WHO HEED MY WARNINGS I AM GENEROUS. BUT THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL RESTS IN MY HANDS.

I HAVE SPOKEN TO YOU BEFORE-- BUT YOU REFUSED TO HEAR MY VOICE. NOW I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU THAT A FEARFUL PENALTY AWAITS THOSE WHO BELIEVE THEY MAY GO THROUGH LIFE AND ESCAPE AN UNPAID ATONEMENT.
YOU'RE SCREWY. I MUST HAVE SLIPPED WHEN I TRIED TO SLUG YOU-- BUT THIS WILL FIX YOU!


I TOLD YOU, FOOLISH MORTAL, YOU CAN NEITHER ESCAPE ME NOR DESTROY ME!
BAM
BAM

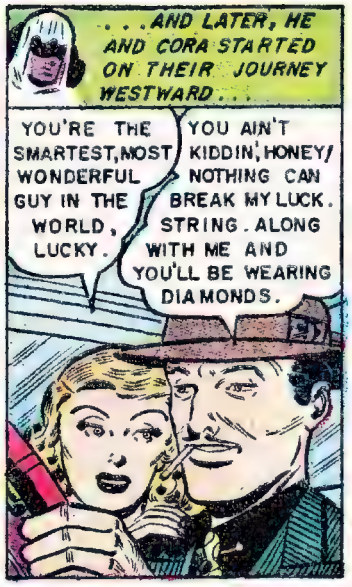
I--I MUST'VE BEEN HEARING THINGS-- AND SEEING THINGS! WHATEVER IT IS--IT'S GONE-- BUT WHAT A DOPE I WAS TO SHOOT! HERE COME THE COPS-- AND I'VE LOST MY CHANCE TO GET SPIKE!

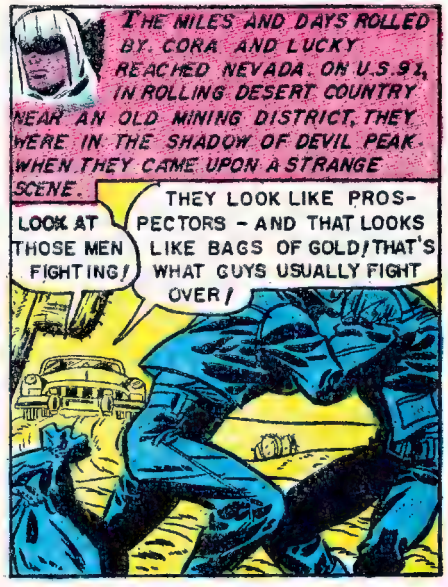
WHAT A BREAK! THE DUMB COPS RAN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. THE DEVIL IS STILL LOOKING OUT FOR ME! I'VE STILL GOT MY LUCK!

HEH!... HEH!... SO YOU REALLY THINK MY POWER IN YOUR LIFE IS LUCKY, STUPID ONE? THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH-- WHO LEARN THE TRUTH TOO LATE!

IT WAS UNFORTUNATE THAT LUCKY COULD NOT HEAR THE VOICE OF THE EVIL SPIRIT HE HAD CHOSEN AS HIS GUIDE...
THEY DON'T CALL ME LUCKY FOR NOTHING! NOT ONLY DID I OUTWIT THE COPS-- BUT I RAN RIGHT INTO SPIKE AFTER ALL!
YOU DIDN'T OUTWIT THE POLICE, LUCKY. I GAVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF. NOW YOU HAVE DEFIED FATE FOR THE LAST TIME.

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, LUCKY DANIELS ADDED ANOTHER EVIL DEED TO THOSE ON HIS RECORD...
AGHHHHHH!
BAM

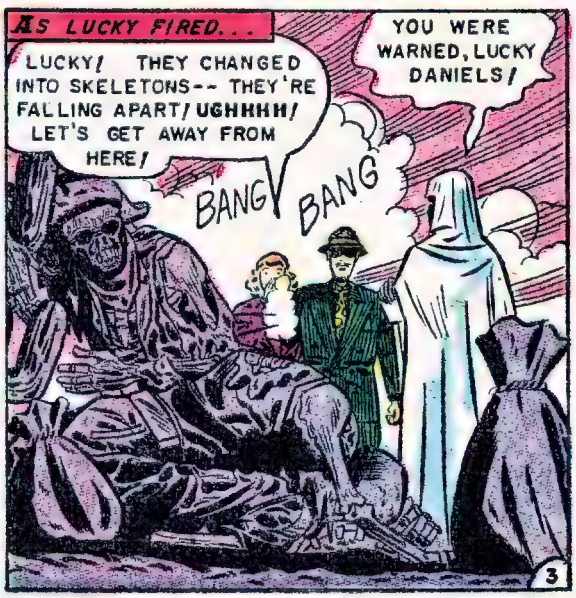

...AND LATER, HE AND CORA STARTED ON THEIR JOURNEY WESTWARD...
YOU'RE THE SMARTEST, MOST WONDERFUL GUY IN THE WORLD, LUCKY.
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', HONEY! NOTHING CAN BREAK MY LUCK. STRING ALONG WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE WEARING DIAMONDS.

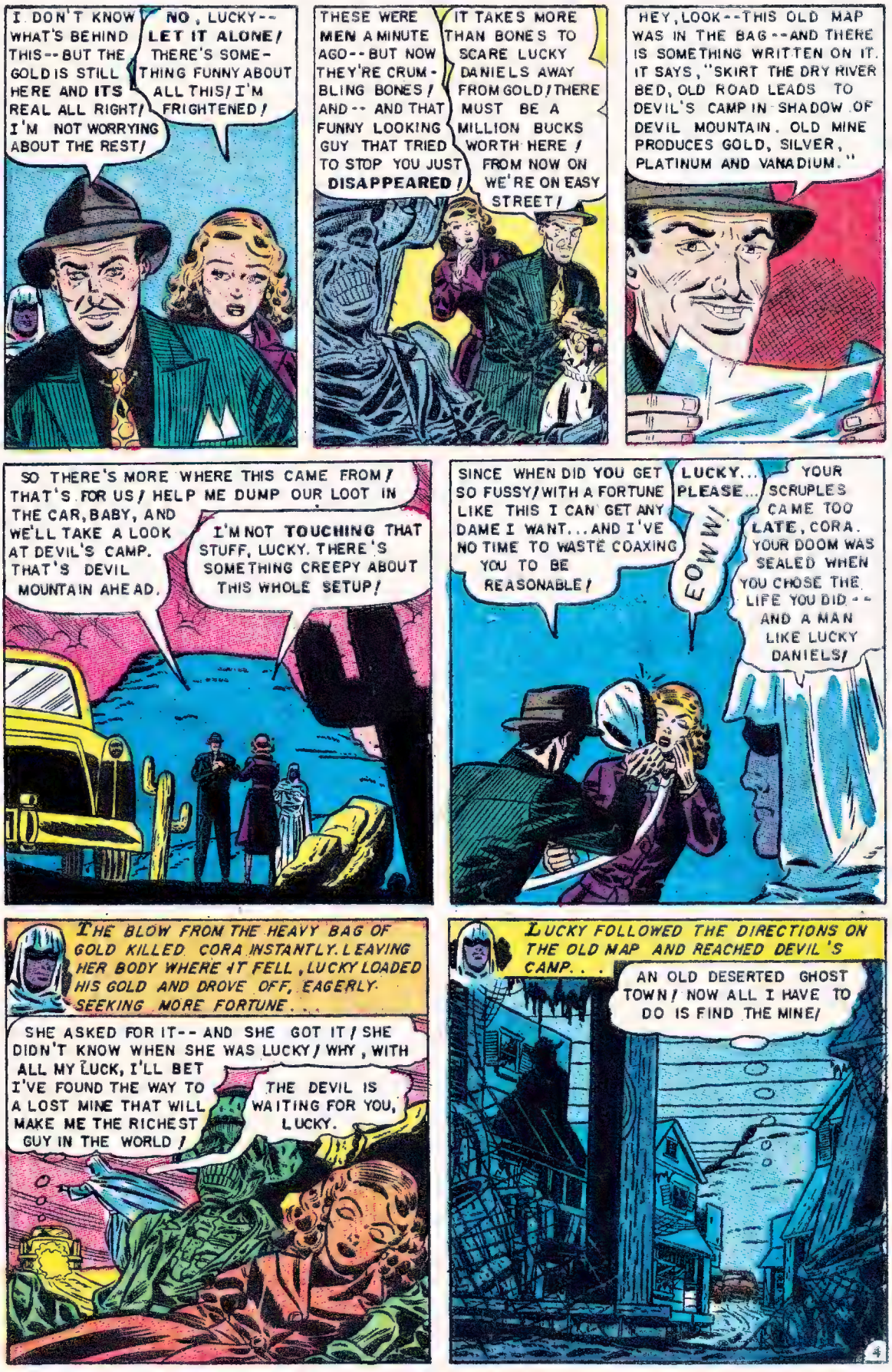

THE MILES AND DAYS ROLLED BY. CORA AND LUCKY REACHED NEVADA. ON U.S. 91, IN ROLLING DESERT COUNTRY NEAR AN OLD MINING DISTRICT, THEY WERE IN THE SHADOW OF DEVIL PEAK. WHEN THEY CAME UPON A STRANGE SCENE.
LOOK AT THOSE MEN FIGHTING!
THEY LOOK LIKE PROSPECTORS - AND THAT LOOKS LIKE BAGS OF GOLD! THAT'S WHAT GUYS USUALLY FIGHT OVER!

THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE HERE! THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF MY LUCKY BREAKS, BABY. I THINK WE'VE STRUCK IT RICH!
DON'T LET THE OLD GOAT GET THE DRAW ON YOU, HONEY! GET HIM BEFORE HE KNOWS WHAT'S COOKING!

YOUR OWN STUBBORN WILL AND GREED HAVE BECOME THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR DESTRUCTION BECAUSE YOU HAVE PITTED THEM AGAINST THE WILL OF FATE. TURN BACK IF YOU WOULD AVOID EVEN GREATER PUNISHMENT THAN YOU HAVE ALREADY PILED UP FOR YOURSELF!
YOU AGAIN! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

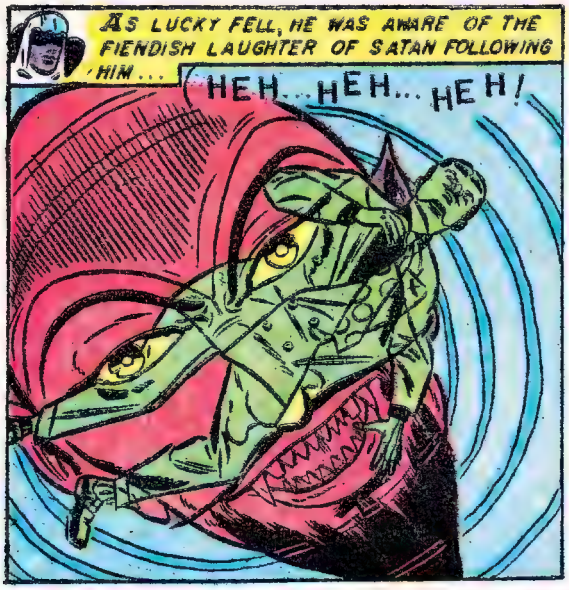
I DIDN'T LET YOU STOP ME BEFORE--AND I'M NOT LETTING YOU STOP ME NOW! THERE'S GOLD IN THOSE BAGS AND IT'S GOING TO BE MINE! SO THIS IS FOR YOU AND THEM BOTH--
BANG
BANG


AS LUCKY FIRED...
LUCKY! THEY CHANGED INTO SKELETONS-- THEY'RE FALLING APART! UGHHHH! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
YOU WERE WARNED, LUCKY DANIELS!
BANG
BANG


I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THIS--BUT THE GOLD IS STILL HERE AND ITS REAL ALL RIGHT/ I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT THE REST/
NO, LUCKY-- LET IT ALONE/ THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS/ I'M FRIGHTENED/
THESE WERE MEN A MINUTE AGO--BUT NOW THEY'RE CRUMBLING BONES/ AND-- AND THAT FUNNY LOOKING GUY THAT TRIED TO STOP YOU JUST DISAPPEARED/
IT TAKES MORE THAN BONES TO SCARE LUCKY DANIELS AWAY FROM GOLD/ THERE MUST BE A MILLION BUCKS WORTH HERE/ FROM NOW ON WE'RE ON EASY STREET/
HEY, LOOK--THIS OLD MAP WAS IN THE BAG--AND THERE IS SOMETHING WRITTEN ON IT. IT SAYS, "SKIRT THE DRY RIVER BED, OLD ROAD LEADS TO DEVIL'S CAMP IN SHADOW OF DEVIL MOUNTAIN. OLD MINE PRODUCES GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND VANADIUM."
SO THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM/ THAT'S FOR US/ HELP ME DUMP OUR LOOT IN THE CAR, BABY, AND WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT DEVIL'S CAMP. THAT'S DEVIL MOUNTAIN AHEAD.
I'M NOT TOUCHING THAT STUFF, LUCKY. THERE'S SOMETHING CREEPY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SETUP/
SINCE WHEN DID YOU GET SO FUSSY/ WITH A FORTUNE LIKE THIS I CAN GET ANY DAME I WANT... AND I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE COAXING YOU TO BE REASONABLE/
LUCKY... PLEASE...
EOWW/
YOUR SCRUPLES CAME TOO LATE, CORA. YOUR DOOM WAS SEALED WHEN YOU CHOSE THE LIFE YOU DID-- AND A MAN LIKE LUCKY DANIELS/
THE BLOW FROM THE HEAVY BAG OF GOLD KILLED CORA INSTANTLY. LEAVING HER BODY WHERE IT FELL, LUCKY LOADED HIS GOLD AND DROVE OFF, EAGERLY SEEKING MORE FORTUNE...
SHE ASKED FOR IT-- AND SHE GOT IT/ SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHEN SHE WAS LUCKY/ WHY, WITH ALL MY LUCK, I'LL BET I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO A LOST MINE THAT WILL MAKE ME THE RICHEST GUY IN THE WORLD/
THE DEVIL IS WAITING FOR YOU, LUCKY.
LUCKY FOLLOWED THE DIRECTIONS ON THE OLD MAP AND REACHED DEVIL'S CAMP...
AN OLD DESERTED GHOST TOWN/ NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE MINE/
4

AS LUCKY PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE OLD SALOON HE REALIZED THE TOWN WAS NOT AS DESERTED AS HE HAD THOUGHT...
EEEEKKKK! WHAT KIND OF CREEPS ARE THESE!
WELCOME TO DEVIL'S CAMP, LUCKY. NICE OF YOU TO BRING BACK OUR GOLD.
YOUR GOLD! HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY! AND--AND HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GOLD ANYWAY--AND HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?
HEH...HEH... WE ALWAYS KNOW WHEN ANOTHER ONE ENTERS OUR RANKS, LUCKY. IT'S THE GOLD--IT ALWAYS COMES BACK! IT BELONGS HERE!
DUTCH NICK AND INDIAN PETE MURDERED EVERYONE IN DEVIL'S CAMP AND ESCAPED WITH THE GOLD THEY FOUND! BUT THE GOLD ALWAYS RETURNS.
AIEEE... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
OH, NO, LUCKY! YOU MUST COME IN AND HAVE A DRINK--AND MEET THE OWNER OF THE MINE. THE GOLD REALLY BELONGS TO HIM.
STAY AWAY FROM ME!... LET ME GO! UGHHH...
THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM.--ARGHHH!
PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL BEGIN TO REALIZE THAT YOUR LUCK RAN OUT WHEN YOU REFUSED TO HEED MY WARNINGS. YOUR EVIL DEEDS ARE CATCHING UP WITH YOU AT LAST, UNLUCKY DANIELS!
THE SPECTRES DRAGGED LUCKY THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE SALOON...
HERE HE IS MASTER!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, LUCKY! WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T WE? YOU ALWAYS GAVE ME CREDIT FOR LOOKING AFTER YOU--AND I STILL AM, LUCKY! HEH...HEH...
OTHERS LIKE YOU FOUNDED THIS TOWN AND NAMED IT AFTER ME! BUT SOMEHOW THEIR LUCK NEVER LASTED--AND THEY NEVER FOUND WHAT THEY WERE SEEKING. HOWEVER, THEY FOUND OTHER THINGS--HEH ...HEH! MANY OTHER THINGS.

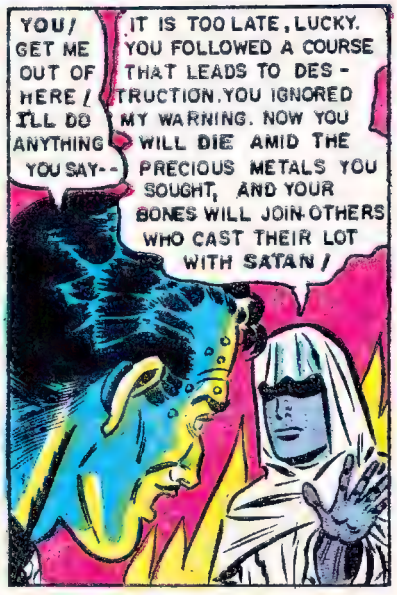
ENJOY YOURSELF, LUCKY, WITH THE REST OF MY CREATURES. THE WORLD THINKS THIS IS A LONG-ABANDONED GHOST TOWN--BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS VERY GAY AND LIVELY /
UGHH / IT'S HORRIBLE / MAKE THEM LET ME ALONE /
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE WITH THESE CRUMBLING HORRORS /
YOU MEAN YOU DO NOT LIKE OUR COMPANY, LUCKY? HOW TRAGIC. BECAUSE YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW.
IT'S A LIE / ONE OF THIS CREW / NOT ON YOUR LIFE / THEY'RE DEAD / AND-- AND YOU--DON'T EVEN EXIST /
MY CAR / I--I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY. I'VE STILL GOT THAT GOLD--IT'S ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN / I WAS A FOOL TO COME LOOKING FOR THIS TOWN AND THE MINE.
BUT AS LUCKY STARTED TOWARD HIS CAR, HE SAW . . .
THOSE TWO GUYS COMING FROM MY CAR / THEY'VE GOT THE GOLD / WHY--WHY THEY'RE THE TWO WHO WERE FIGHTING OVER IT IN THE DESERT /
THEY ARE DUTCH NICK AND INDIAN PETE, LUCKY. THEY ARE DOOMED TO FIGHT OVER THE GOLD IN DEATH JUST AS THEY DID IN LIFE... THEY NEVER REALLY POSSESS THE GOLD THEY MURDERED TO OBTAIN. THE GOLD REMAINS A TRAP FOR FOOLS LIKE YOU.
THEY--THEY CAN HAVE THE GOLD / AS LONG AS I GET AWAY---
BUT AS LUCKY RUSHED TOWARD HIS CAR, THE EARTH BENEATH HIS FEET SUDDENLY GAVE AWAY . . .
BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY, LUCKY / YOU WERE LOOKING FOR THE OLD MINE, WEREN'T YOU? AND NOW YOU'VE FOUND IT / PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS FOR THAT OLD MINE SHAFT-- HEH / ...HEH / ...AND IT WAS JUST YOUR LUCK TO FALL THROUGH IT /
6


AS LUCKY FELL, HE WAS AWARE OF THE FIENDISH LAUGHTER OF SATAN FOLLOWING HIM...
HEH... HEH... HEH!

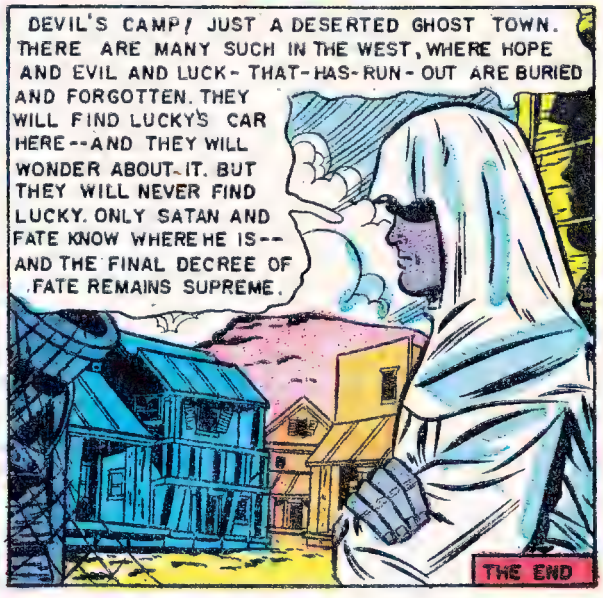
THEN SUDDEN DARKNESS, WITH JUST THE ECHO OF THAT MOCKING LAUGHTER! WHEN THE DARKNESS LIFTED...
HERE YOU ARE, LUCKY! JUST AS THE MAP SAID, THIS MINE PRODUCES GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND VANADIUM. AS YOU WILL NOTE, OTHERS WERE EAGER FOR ITS RICHES. I'M AFRAID THEIR BONES WILL NOT BE MUCH COMPANY.

INSANE WITH TERROR, LUCKY PICKED UP A PIECE OF OLD TIMBER AND TURNED ON THE EVIL SPIRIT HE HAD FOLLOWED SO MANY YEARS...
YOU GOT ME INTO THIS! NOW GET ME OUT OR I'LL-- I'LL-- HE'S GONE!
HEH... HEH... MY WORK IS DONE, LUCKY! I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE!

HOURS LATER...
THERE'S NO WAY OUT! I-- I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! I-- I DON'T EVEN SEE THE SHAFT I FELL THROUGH! BUT THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY! I- I'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN OUT OF THINGS! I-- I'M LUCKY.


YOU! GET ME OUT OF HERE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY--
IT IS TOO LATE, LUCKY. YOU FOLLOWED A COURSE THAT LEADS TO DESTRUCTION. YOU IGNORED MY WARNING. NOW YOU WILL DIE AMID THE PRECIOUS METALS YOU SOUGHT, AND YOUR BONES WILL JOIN OTHERS WHO CAST THEIR LOT WITH SATAN!

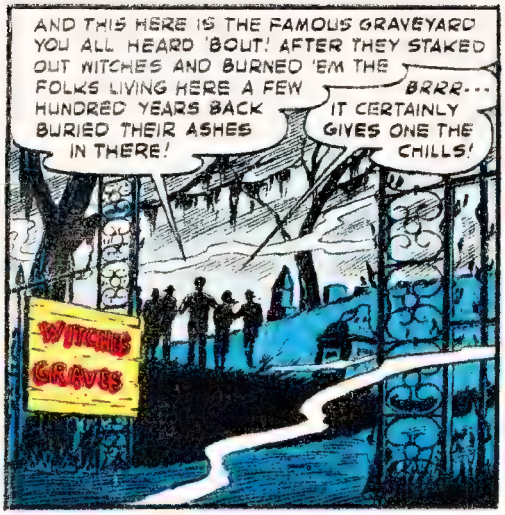
NO... NO...
THE PAGE OF YOUR LIFE IS FINISHED, LUCKY. WE SHALL NOT MEET AGAIN IN THIS LIFE!


DEVIL'S CAMP! JUST A DESERTED GHOST TOWN. THERE ARE MANY SUCH IN THE WEST, WHERE HOPE AND EVIL AND LUCK-THAT-HAS-RUN-OUT ARE BURIED AND FORGOTTEN. THEY WILL FIND LUCKY'S CAR HERE--AND THEY WILL WONDER ABOUT IT. BUT THEY WILL NEVER FIND LUCKY. ONLY SATAN AND FATE KNOW WHERE HE IS-- AND THE FINAL DECREE OF FATE REMAINS SUPREME.
THE END

THE WITCH OF DEATH
G-GREAT SCOTT! THEN IT'S TRUE--- THE MOOR WITCH HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE TO KILL US ALL!
EEEEE!
AT FIRST THE DUNCAN FAMILY SCOFFED --- "THE DEAD DO NOT RETURN," THEY CRIED"! BUT THEN FROM THE OMINOUS GRAVEYARD ROSE A HIDEOUS CREATURE --- IT WAS NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! BUT IN ITS DARK SOUL BURNT A FLAME OF HATRED AND A LUST FOR REVENGE!

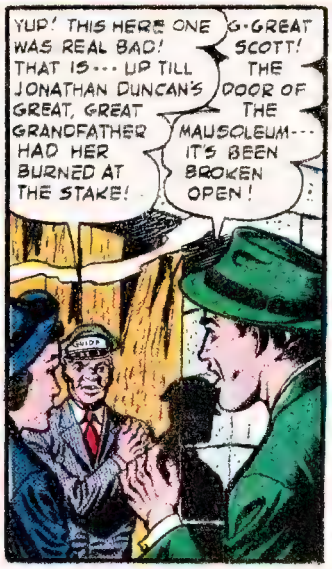
Web of Evil #14, May 1954. Artist: Charles Nicholas. Publisher: Quality Comics.

MISTY MOORS WAS QUITE UNLIKE ANY OTHER NEW ENGLAND COMMUNITY! FOR ONE WEEK EACH YEAR THE LITTLE TOWN INVITED TOURISTS TO CELEBRATE ITS WITCHERY WEEK!


AND THIS HERE IS THE FAMOUS GRAVEYARD YOU ALL HEARD 'BOUT! AFTER THEY STAKED OUT WITCHES AND BURNED 'EM THE FOLKS LIVING HERE A FEW HUNDRED YEARS BACK BURIED THEIR ASHES IN THERE!
BRRR--- IT CERTAINLY GIVES ONE THE CHILLS!
WITCHES GRAVES

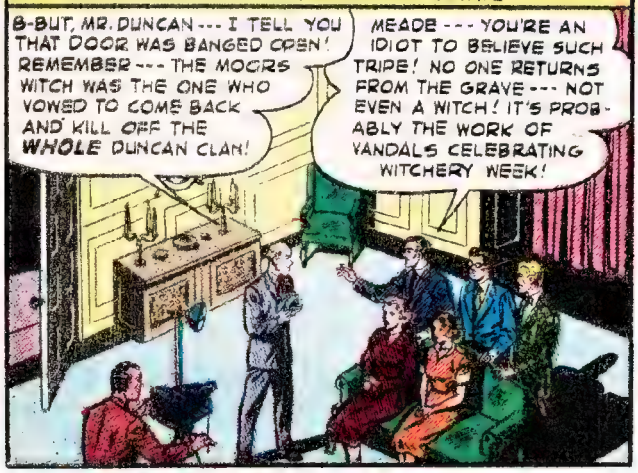
THAT'S MOST LIKELY OUR WEATHER, MISS! WE DON'T GET TO SEE MUCH SUN IN THIS TOWN--- FOG AND MIST SWIRLING IN FROM THE MOORS BLANKET US TEN MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR!
SAY--- WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD? IT--- LOOKS LIKE A MAUSOLEUM!

IT IS! THE MOORS WITCH HERSELF IS BURIED IN THERE! SHE WAS THE WORST OF 'EM ALL! WORD HAS IT SHE HEXED THE WHOLE COMMUNITY--- DROVE OVER A HUNDRED TO THEIR DEATHS!
GOOD GRIEF! HOW HORRIBLE!


YUP! THIS HERE ONE WAS REAL BAD! THAT IS--- UP TILL JONATHAN DUNCAN'S GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER HAD HER BURNED AT THE STAKE!
G-GREAT SCOTT! THE DOOR OF THE MAUSOLEUM--- IT'S BEEN BROKEN OPEN!

Y-YOU DON'T THINK--- SHE'S COME BACK!
I KNOW PEOPLE DON'T--- BUT WITCHES!
NOW, NOW, FOLKS! DON'T LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU! WE FIXED IT THAT WAY SPECIAL--- TO GIVE EVERYONE A THRILL! LET'S MOVE ON TO THE NEXT LOCATION!

BUT AFTER GUIDE PETE MEADE HAS COMPLETED HIS TOUR HE PAYS A HURRIED CALL TO THE DUNCAN ESTATE!


B-BUT, MR. DUNCAN--- I TELL YOU THAT DOOR WAS BANGED OPEN! REMEMBER--- THE MOORS WITCH WAS THE ONE WHO VOWED TO COME BACK AND KILL OFF THE WHOLE DUNCAN CLAN!
MEADE--- YOU'RE AN IDIOT TO BELIEVE SUCH TRIPE! NO ONE RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE--- NOT EVEN A WITCH! IT'S PROBABLY THE WORK OF VANDALS CELEBRATING WITCHERY WEEK!

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN! T-THE DOOR WAS HACKED OPEN FROM THE--- INSIDE!
WHAT NONSENSE! STOP RANTING LIKE A FOOL AND GET OUT OF HERE! I'M A BUSY MAN AND THIS FAMILY PORTRAIT MUST BE READY FOR THE WITCHERY WEEK EDITION OF THE NEWSPAPER!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, MISTY MOORS FESTIVE WITCHERY WEEK CONTINUED!

I NEVER THOUGHT THE TIMES WOULD SEND ITS ACE REPORTER TO COVER OUR LITTLE AFFAIR, YOUNG MAN! GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US!

DICK GROOM ---I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

MY EDITOR THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE A COLORFUL HUMAN INTEREST STORY, MR. DUNCAN! SAY---THAT'S CERTAINLY A REALISTIC DISPLAY YOU'VE GOT THERE!

YES, ISN'T IT! WE HAD OUR ELECTRICIANS RIG THE DISPLAY UP SEVERAL YEARS AGO---IT'S QUITE A TOURIST ATTRACTION! ONE CAN ALMOST FEEL FLAMES--- EVEN THOUGH THERE AREN'T ANY!

WELL, I THINK I'LL AMBLE ABOUT AND TAKE NOTES! I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MISS DUNCAN!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, DICK! AND PLEASE CALL ME "DORA"! WE'RE GOING TO BE GOOD FRIENDS!

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THE COLORFUL CELEBRATION WENT ON!

JUST LOOK AT THEM! AREN'T THEY A RIOT!

I'M GLAD WE CAME! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR THE WORLD!

YES, THE COSTUMED FIGURES DREW LAUGHS OF APPROVAL FROM THE CROWD! BUT THERE WAS ONE WITCH WHO DID NOT JOIN THE OTHERS IN THEIR ANTICS--- ONE WHO WAS APART FROM THEM ENTIRELY!

LEROY DUNCAN---CAN'T YOU FORGET YOUR STUDIES THIS EVENING! I WANT TO DANCE AND CELEBRATE WITH THE OTHERS! AFTER ALL, I AM YOUR FIANCEE!

WHAT! MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF? I'M AFRAID NOT, MY DEAR!

OH-H!

AH, YES---LEROY DUNCAN! BUT THE SIGHT OF SUCH THINGS WOULD NOT TERRIFY YOU--- OR WOULD IT? COME LET ME TEST YOUR COURAGE!

WHO ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE YOUR FACE THERE IN THE DARKNESS! GET AWAY FROM THERE AND LEAVE US ALONE!

YOU DON'T FOOL ME, YOU ARE AFRAID TO JOIN ME!

LET'S GO WITH HER, LEROY! IT'S ALL IN FUN--- DON'T BE SUCH A STUFFED SHIRT!

WHAT IDIOCY! VERY WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL BE ANNOYED ALL NIGHT IF I DON'T! BUT I CAN ONLY SPARE AN HOUR!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, EVIL WITCH? THIS IS SO EXCITING!

PLEASE, DEAR--- STOP BEING SO MORONIC!

HEE, HEE--- JUST A LITTLE WAY, MY FRIENDS! HAVE PATIENCE--- PATIENCE!

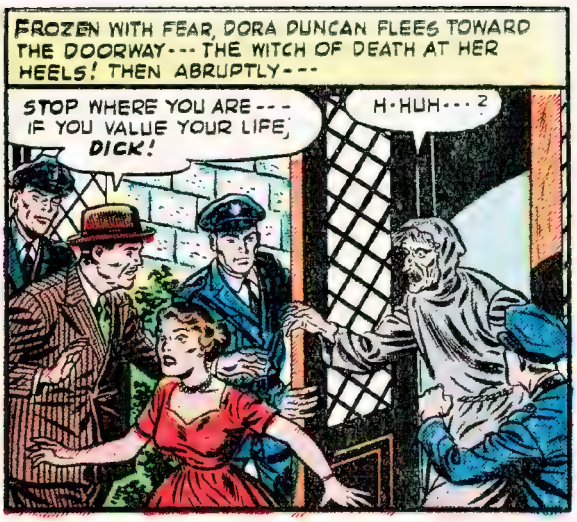
AND SHORTLY, WITHIN THE OMINOUS GRAVEYARD OF WITCHES ---
YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO FRIGHTEN MY FIANCEE --- BRINGING HER HERE TO THE MOOR WITCHE'S TOMB! BUT YOUR PRACTICAL JOKE DOESN'T SCARE ME! I'LL PROVE IT --- COME, DEAR!
COME NOW --- THERE IS NO NEED TO BE AFRAID, LEROY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ABOVE FEAR!
I - I NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE THIS IN HERE! LEROY --- PERHAPS WE'D BETTER LEAVE!
I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES! WE'VE CARRIED THIS FOOLISHNESS FAR ENOUGH!
BUT I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, LEROY DUNCAN --- HEE --- HEE ---
WHAT DO YOU MEAN --- G-GREAT SCOTT! THAT MASK YOU'RE WEARING --- IT'S HIDEOUS!
O-OH!
MASK? HO, HO, HO --- BUT I'M NOT WEARING A MASK, LEROY! FOR YOU SEE --- I AM THE MOOR WITCH!
C-COULD IT BE TRUE, LEROY --- ;SOB; --- THE MALSOLEUM DOOR WAS BATTERED OPEN FROM THE INSIDE --- PERHAPS --- SHE HAS COME BACK!
STEADY! THIS FOOL HAS GONE A LITTLE TOO FAR! WE'RE LEAVING!
HEE, HEE --- YOU WILL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN, LEROY! THIS WILL BE YOUR TOMB --- FOREVER!
GOOD HEAVENS, YOU WITCH! WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING --- THIS WHOLE STRUCTURE WILL COLLAPSE IF YOU DO THAT!
EXACTLY, LEROY DUNCAN!
HEE, HEE, HO, HO HO!
YAAAAA!
THE FIRST TASTE OF VENGEANCE! BUT ALL OF YOUR FAMILY WILL SOON FEEL MY WRATH, LEROY! THEY WILL RUE THE DAY THE MOOR WITCH WAS PUT TO THE STAKE!

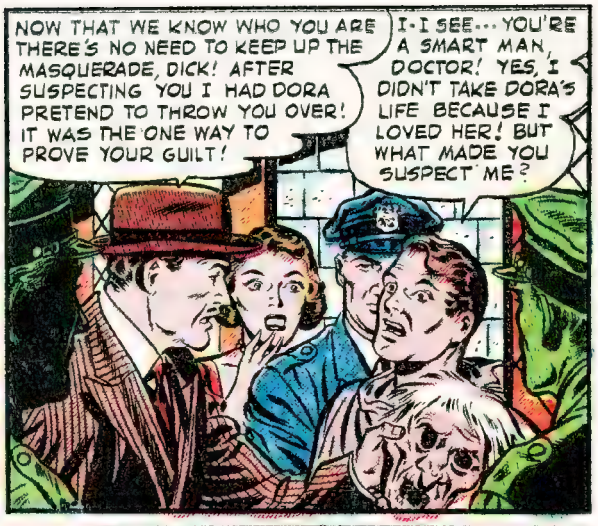
HOURS LATER, WHEN THE TERRIBLE "ACCIDENT" IS DISCOVERED - - -
IT'S - - - LEROY DUNCAN AND HIS FIANCEE!
G-GREAT THUNDER! IT'S BEGUN! - - - THE MOOR WITCH IS CARRYING OUT HER CURSE!
SHORTLY, THE BEREAVED FAMILY GATHERS - - -
I-I COULD DO NOTHING! THEY'VE BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS!
OH, DEAR - - - SOB SOB
O-OH, MY HEART! POOR, POOR LEROY!
MR. DUNCAN! I TOLD YOU THE MOORS WITCH HAD BROKEN FREE OF HER MAUSOLEUM! IT - - - MUST HAVE BEEN SHE WHO DID IT!
GOOD GRIEF, MEADE, DON'T BE AN IDIOT! SUCH THINGS DON'T HAPPEN! IT WAS JUST A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT!
DORA, BETTER GO ALONG WITH YOUR FATHER!
JONATHAN - - - GO ALONG HOME! I'M GOING TO TAKE THE SHORT CUT THROUGH THE MOORS - - - I - - - MUST BE ALONE NOW!
YES, I UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR!
SLOWLY, SADLY MRS. DUNCAN WEAVES HER WAY THROUGH THE MOORS! SUDDENLY - - -
LEROY, LEROY - - - HOW WILL I EVER LIVE WITHOUT YOU? W-WHY WHAT'S THAT - - - ?
YIIII!!
HEE, HEE! YOU HAVE GOOD CAUSE TO FEAR THE MOORS WITCH, MRS. DUNCAN!
HELP! MERCY! MERCY! HELP ME!
5

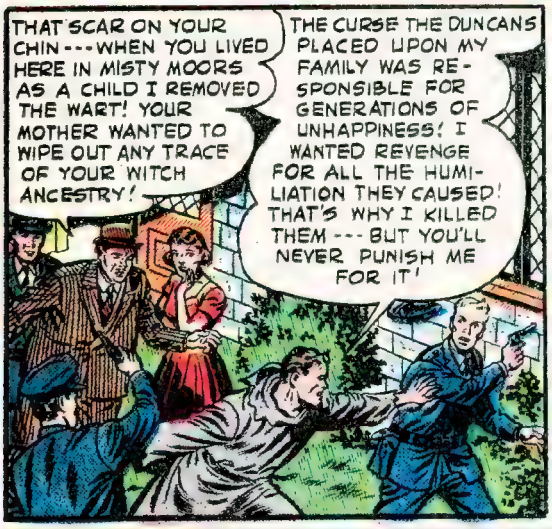
M-MY HEART--- AH-H-H!
MY, MY! WHAT A SHAME, MRS. DUNCAN! YOUR WEAK OLD HEART SAVED ME THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU!
MINUTES AFTERWARD, IN ANSWER TO MRS. DUNCAN'S SCREAMS OF TERROR HELP ARRIVED! BUT---
TOO LATE! SHE DIED OF FRIGHT! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IN THESE MOORS ACTUALLY SCARED HER TO DEATH!
GOOD GRIEF!
I-I'LL GO BACK AT ONCE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE AND FILE MY STORY!
D-DAD! DO YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THIS---THIS MOORS WITCH STORY?
YES, I'M AFRAID IT MUST BE, SON!
AT FIRST I PRAYED IT WAS ALL SOME HORRIBLE COINCIDENCE! BUT NOW I KNOW IT'S TRUE--- SHE'S COME BACK, CLEMENT--- SHE'S COME BACK TO TRY AND KILL US ONE BY ONE!
COME BACK! COME BACK MY WEAK SPINED SON! THE DUNCAN'S HAVE NEVER RUN FROM MAN OR GHOST!
N-NO, DAD! W-WHO CAN FIGHT A--- WITCH!
COME BACK AND BE A MAN! WE'LL FIGHT THIS THING OUT TOGETHER!
I CAN'T! I CAN'T! I'M GOING TO LEAVE TOWN--- GOODBYE, FATHER!
AEEEIOOO!
W-WHAT'S THAT?

N-NO! IT'S --- THE MOOR WITCH! SHE'S AFTER ME --- GOT TO ESCAPE! YAAAAA!
OH, MAGIC MIRROR WITH YOUR HELPING HAND--- WE'VE CANCELLED OUT ANOTHER --- OF THE EVIL DUNCAN CLAN --- HEE, HEE, HEE ---
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WORD OF HIS SON'S DEATH HAS A SPINE CHILLING ACTION ON JONATHAN DUNCAN ---
P-POOR CLEMENT--- I BEGGED HIM NOT TO LEAVE! AND NOW HE'S DEAD--- WHO WILL THIS CREATURE OF EVIL STRIKE NEXT? SHE'S DETERMINED TO KILL US ALL!
OH, FATHER --- WHAT WILL WE DO? I-I'M FROZEN WITH FEAR--- WOULD YOU PUT ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE, PLEASE?
THIS WAITING--- IT'S TERRIFYING!
I WON'T TORTURE YOU ANY LONGER, JONATHAN DUNCAN! YOUR MOMENT IS AT HAND---
T-THAT VOICE! WHERE DID IT COME FROM? WHO---IS IT?
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME --- MY HEAD --- IT THROBS WITH PAIN! DORA! DORA ---I CAN'T BREATHE-- AH-H-H!
HO, HO, HO, HO--- MY HERBS ARE TAKING EFFECT JONATHAN DUNCAN! THEY ARE THE SAME ONES THAT FILLED THE LUNGS OF YOUR ANCESTORS!
DAD! OH, DAD! LET ME GO--- I MUST BE WITH HIM!
DORA! I CAN'T LET YOU! THOSE FUMES--- THEY MAY BE DEADLY!
AND SHORTLY, WHEN DOCTOR MARTIN ARRIVES ---
THAT LOG CONTAINED A DEADLY GAS OF SOME SORT! POOR JONATHAN--- AT LEAST IT WAS QUICK!
SOB! SOB!
STEADY, DORA! I WON'T LET THIS --- THIS THING GET YOU! I'LL BE CLOSE BY YOU---FROM HERE ON IN!

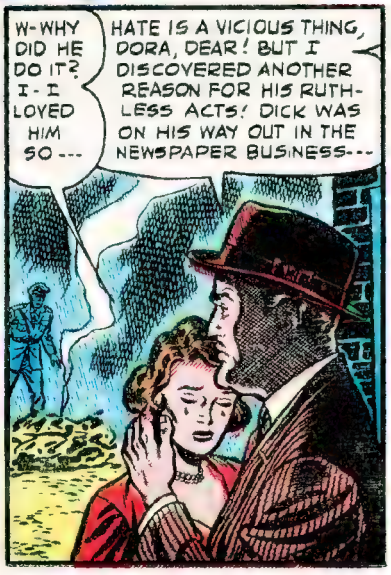
I THINK YOU'RE VERY WISE, YOUNG MAN! HM-M---THAT SCAR YOU HAVE ON YOUR CHIN!
AN AUTO ACCIDENT, SIR! NOW I THINK I'D BETTER LOOK THE HOUSE OVER! THAT CREATURE MAY STILL BE INSIDE!
DORA DUNCAN IS GUARDED CLOSELY AS THE NERVE WRACKING DAYS AHEAD PASS INTO WEEKS! FINALLY, A MONTH LATER---
APPARENTLY THE MOOR WITCH HAS SATISFIED HER LUST, DICK! SHE WOULD HAVE TAKEN MY LIFE BY NOW--- IF SHE DESIRED! WHY--- THERE HASN'T EVEN BEEN A SIGN OF HER!
I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, DORA! AND NOW THAT THE DANGER IS OVER AND YOUR MIND IS CLEAR I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING! WOULD YOU CONSIDER MARRYING ME?
MARRY YOU! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES, DICK? I APPRECIATE ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME--- BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU! GOODNESS! WHAT WOULD MY FIANCEE SAY?
Y-YOUR FIANCEE? THEN YOU'VE BEEN LEADING ME ON ALL THIS TIME! ALLOWING ME TO ENDANGER MY LIFE TO SAVE YOU!
I'M SORRY IF YOU MISUNDERSTOOD MY FEELINGS, DICK!
HUMPH! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS---I'LL SEE TO THAT! JUST WAIT!
THAT EVENING, AS DORA DUNCAN CLIMBS THE STAIRCASE OF HER LONELY MANSION TO RETIRE---
AIEEEEEEE
G-GOOD GRIEF! THAT SOUND--- IT'S UNEARTHLY! A-ALMOST LIKE A CRY FROM THE DEAD!
IT IS, MY DEAR! I HAVE RETURNED TO PAY YOU A VISIT! HEE, HEE--- A DEATH VISIT!
O-OH--- NO! I-I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
COME NOW! YOU MUST JOIN YOUR FAMILY! THEY MISS YOU SO--- HEE, HEE! I'LL BE GENTLE--- I PROMISE!


FROZEN WITH FEAR, DORA DUNCAN FLEES TOWARD THE DOORWAY--- THE WITCH OF DEATH AT HER HEELS! THEN ABRUPTLY---
STOP WHERE YOU ARE--- IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, DICK!
H-HUH---?


NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE THERE'S NO NEED TO KEEP UP THE MASQUERADE, DICK! AFTER SUSPECTING YOU I HAD DORA PRETEND TO THROW YOU OVER! IT WAS THE ONE WAY TO PROVE YOUR GUILT!
I-I SEE--- YOU'RE A SMART MAN, DOCTOR! YES, I DIDN'T TAKE DORA'S LIFE BECAUSE I LOVED HER! BUT WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME?


THAT SCAR ON YOUR CHIN--- WHEN YOU LIVED HERE IN MISTY MOORS AS A CHILD I REMOVED THE WART! YOUR MOTHER WANTED TO WIPE OUT ANY TRACE OF YOUR WITCH ANCESTRY!
THE CURSE THE DUNCANS PLACED UPON MY FAMILY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR GENERATIONS OF UNHAPPINESS! I WANTED REVENGE FOR ALL THE HUMILIATION THEY CAUSED! THAT'S WHY I KILLED THEM --- BUT YOU'LL NEVER PUNISH ME FOR IT!

AMID A HAIL OF BULLETS THE MURDERER WINGED FOR FREEDOM! DOCTOR MARTIN AND THE POLICE OFFICERS FOLLOWED HIM TO THE TOWN SQUARE WHERE---


W-WHY DID HE DO IT? I-I LOVED HIM SO---
HATE IS A VICIOUS THING, DORA, DEAR! BUT I DISCOVERED ANOTHER REASON FOR HIS RUTHLESS ACTS! DICK WAS ON HIS WAY OUT IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS---

--- HE NEEDED A PAGE ONE STORY TO BRING HIM BACK! THE STORIES OF WITCHES KILLING YOUR FAMILY WERE CERTAINLY PAGE ONE!
SOB! YES, AND HIS TWISTED MIND LED HIM TO HIS OWN DEATH ALSO!

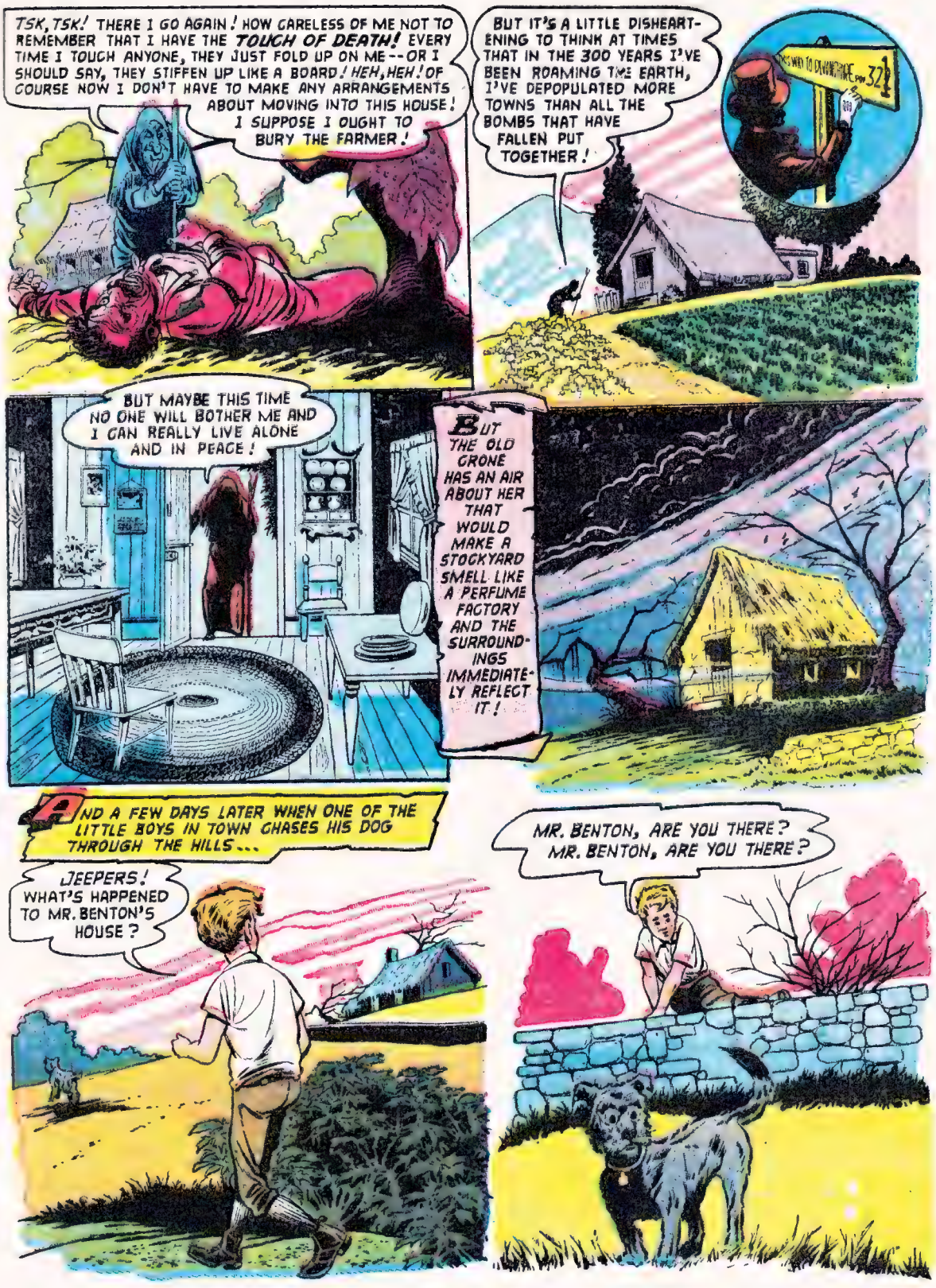
YOU MIGHT SAY A GOLFER WHO CONTINUALLY SINKS A 25-FOOT PUTT HAS THE RIGHT "TOUCH"!
A BILLIARD PLAYER WHO RUNS OFF FIFTEEN CONSECUTIVE BALLS HAS THE RIGHT "TOUCH"! AND ANYONE WHO CAN PERPETUALLY TURN A LIVING PERSON INTO A DEAD CORPSE HAS THE RIGHT "TOUCH"---THE TOUCH OF DEATH! JUST A SECOND WHILE I CHANGE THE POPULATION FIGURE! THERE! NOW LET'S JOIN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION!
TOUCH OF DEATH
THANK GOODNESS WE FOUND THE CAUSE OF ALL THOSE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS BEFORE THE WHOLE TOWN OF HUXLEY WAS WIPED OFF THE MAP!
HA, HA, HA! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T LAUGH, BUT WHEN I THINK THAT THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES IS SAFELY LOCKED INSIDE THIS COFFIN AND WILL SOON BE BURIED AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS, I CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH!
THIS WAY TO HUXLEY

This Magazine Is Haunted #11, June 1953. Artist: Bob Powell. Publisher: Fawcett.

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO LAUGH! GETTING RID OF THIS MONSTER ONCE AND FOR ALL IS SOMETHING FOR ALL OF US TO LAUGH ABOUT! HA, HA!
GETTING RID OF YOUR TROUBLES IS SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT, FRIENDS, BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHO IS GOING TO HAVE THE LAST LAUGH?
LET'S WATCH THIS FRESHLY COVERED OVER GRAVE UNTIL NIGHT FALLS! DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT NOW!
ALL RIGHT! IT'S TIME! DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING?
NO? WELL, COME A LITTLE CLOSER! HERE, LET ME LEAD YOU! THAT'S RIGHT-- TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE GRAVE SO YOU CAN SEE!
LOOK CLOSELY AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THE DIRT ON TOP OF THE GRAVE IS BEGINNING TO ERUPT!

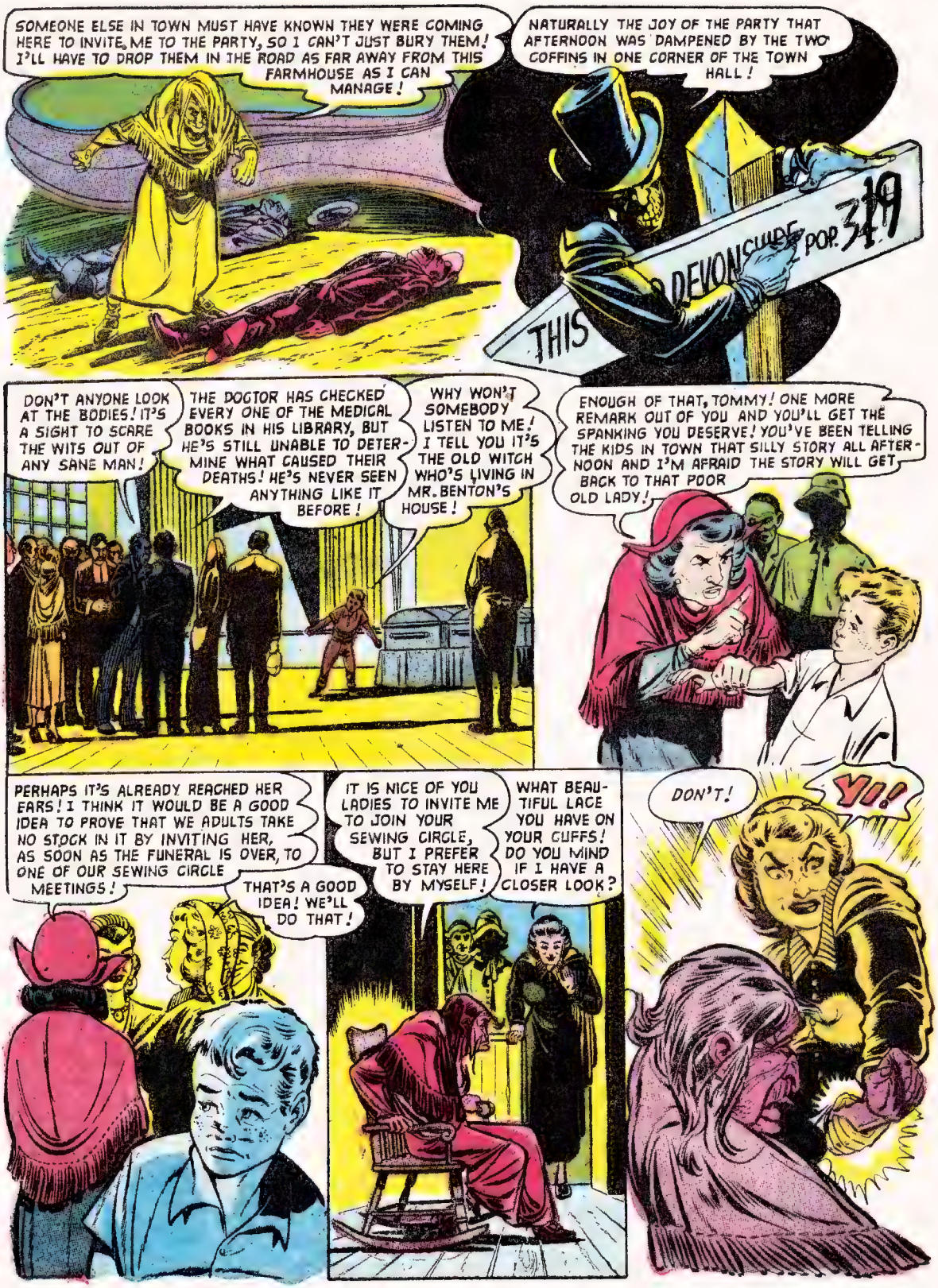
AND MUDGA, THE UGLY OLD CRONE WHOM THE SURVIVORS IN THE TOWN OF HUXLEY HAD JUST BURIED, GETS UP!
HUXLEY WAS SUCH A NICE TOWN THAT I HATE TO MOVE ON, BUT I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED!
WEARILY, THE OLD HAG WHOSE FACE COMBINES THE WORST FEATURES OF A WITCH AND A BANSHEE MADE HER WAY THROUGH THE NEARBY WOODS!
I GUESS IF IT'S PEACE AND QUIET I WANT, I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR A NEW TOWN TO SETTLE IN!
THIS WAY TO HUXLEY
I'M COMING TO A TOWN! IT'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM HUXLEY SO MY PAST WON'T CATCH UP WITH ME FOR A LONG TIME!
THIS WAY TO DEVONSHIRE POP. 322
IF I CAN FIND A PLACE TO LIVE OUT HERE IN THE HILLS, I WON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN AND NO ONE NEED KNOW THAT I'M EVEN HERE!
ONSHIRE POP. 321
IT WON'T BE LONG THAT I'LL HAVE TO BE DOING THIS SO I MIGHT AS WELL GET A HEAD START!

NOW THERE'S A PRETTY FARMHOUSE! JUST THE TYPE I WOULD LOVE TO SETTLE DOWN IN! HEH, HEH!
MY EYES MUST BE GOING BAD ON ME! THERE COULDN'T BE ANYTHING AS UGLY AS THAT!
I KNOW I WOULDN'T WIN ANY BEAUTY CONTEST, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO BE INSULTED!
ER, ER, I'M SORRY, ER-- I GUESS I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS SAYING!
THIS HAS HAPPENED TO ME SO OFTEN I DO NOT BEAR ANY GRUDGES! HERE, TO SHOW YOU THERE IS NO HARD FEELINGS, LET US SHAKE HANDS!
THAT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU! I CERTAINLY WILL SHAKE HANDS WITH YOU!
YIPES!


TSK, TSK! THERE I GO AGAIN! HOW CARELESS OF ME NOT TO REMEMBER THAT I HAVE THE TOUCH OF DEATH! EVERY TIME I TOUCH ANYONE, THEY JUST FOLD UP ON ME--OR I SHOULD SAY, THEY STIFFEN UP LIKE A BOARD! HEH, HEH! OF COURSE NOW I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE ANY ARRANGEMENTS ABOUT MOVING INTO THIS HOUSE! I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO BURY THE FARMER!
BUT IT'S A LITTLE DISHEARTENING TO THINK AT TIMES THAT IN THE 300 YEARS I'VE BEEN ROAMING THE EARTH, I'VE DEPOPULATED MORE TOWNS THAN ALL THE BOMBS THAT HAVE FALLEN PUT TOGETHER!
THIS WAY TO DUNWICHE 32
BUT MAYBE THIS TIME NO ONE WILL BOTHER ME AND I CAN REALLY LIVE ALONE AND IN PEACE!
BUT THE OLD CRONE HAS AN AIR ABOUT HER THAT WOULD MAKE A STOCKYARD SMELL LIKE A PERFUME FACTORY AND THE SURROUNDINGS IMMEDIATELY REFLECT IT!
AND A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN ONE OF THE LITTLE BOYS IN TOWN CHASES HIS DOG THROUGH THE HILLS...
JEEPERS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MR. BENTON'S HOUSE?
MR. BENTON, ARE YOU THERE? MR. BENTON, ARE YOU THERE?

GO WAY, BOY! FARMER BENTON DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE!
LET'S GO, FIDO! LET'S GO!
GRRREF YARF! YARF!
SCAT, YOU MUTT!
GRRRRRNNN!
GRRYEE YIPYI!YI!
FIDO DROPPED DEAD! SHE MUST BE A WITCH!
RUNNING AS FAST AS HIS LEGS CAN CARRY HIM, TOMMY WENTWORTH SOON REACHED THE TOWN HALL OF DEVONSHIRE!
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, TOMMY! NO ONE'S ALLOWED IN UNTIL WE GET ALL THE PREPARATIONS READY FOR OUR ANNUAL PARTY THIS AFTERNOON! NOW GO OUT AND PLAY!
BUT, MR. BRUXTON, I JUST SAW A WITCH!
HA, HA! YOU AND YOUR IMAGINATION!
IT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION! YOU'RE OUR CONSTABLE AND YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER! SHE'S LIVING IN MR. BENTON'S HOUSE! MY DOG JUST BIT HER AND HE DROPPED DEAD AT HER FEET!

THAT'S ODD--MR. BENTON SELLING OUT AND MOVING AWAY WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING TO ANYONE!
NOTHING WAS ODD FOR MR. BENTON! HE NEVER WAS WHAT I WOULD CALL A GOOD NEIGHBOR! BUT I THINK WE SHOULD INVITE THAT OLD LADY WHO'S LIVING IN HIS HOUSE TO OUR PARTY!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, CONSTABLE! MATT AND I WILL GO UP TO HER PLACE TO INVITE HER WHILE THE REST OF YOU FINISH UP WITH THE TRIMMINGS!
DON'T GO! I WARN YOU! SHE'S A WITCH!
NOW STOP THAT NONSENSE, TOMMY, OR I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOUR FATHER ABOUT THIS!
WOW! SHE SURE DOES LOOK LIKE A WITCH!
QUIET, MATT! DO YOU WANT HER TO HEAR YOU? AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT HER FAULT THAT SHE'S UGLY! OUR TOWN HAS A REPUTATION FOR HOSPITALITY AND WE MUSTN'T DO ANYTHING TO SPOIL IT!
WELCOME TO TOWN, MADAM! MATT AND I HAVE COME TO INVITE YOU TO OUR ANNUAL PARTY THIS AFTERNOON!
OH, OH! HERE IT STARTS! WHY CAN'T THEY JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
I'M SORRY, BUT I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO ATTEND ANY PARTIES!
BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU NEED! THE PARTY WILL PEP YOU UP!
NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!


SOMEONE ELSE IN TOWN MUST HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE COMING HERE TO INVITE ME TO THE PARTY, SO I CAN'T JUST BURY THEM! I'LL HAVE TO DROP THEM IN THE ROAD AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS FARMHOUSE AS I CAN MANAGE!
NATURALLY THE JOY OF THE PARTY THAT AFTERNOON WAS DAMPENED BY THE TWO COFFINS IN ONE CORNER OF THE TOWN HALL!
THIS
DON'T ANYONE LOOK AT THE BODIES! IT'S A SIGHT TO SCARE THE WITS OUT OF ANY SANE MAN!
THE DOCTOR HAS CHECKED EVERY ONE OF THE MEDICAL BOOKS IN HIS LIBRARY, BUT HE'S STILL UNABLE TO DETERMINE WHAT CAUSED THEIR DEATHS! HE'S NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!
WHY WON'T SOMEBODY LISTEN TO ME! I TELL YOU IT'S THE OLD WITCH WHO'S LIVING IN MR. BENTON'S HOUSE!
ENOUGH OF THAT, TOMMY! ONE MORE REMARK OUT OF YOU AND YOU'LL GET THE SPANKING YOU DESERVE! YOU'VE BEEN TELLING THE KIDS IN TOWN THAT SILLY STORY ALL AFTERNOON AND I'M AFRAID THE STORY WILL GET BACK TO THAT POOR OLD LADY!
PERHAPS IT'S ALREADY REACHED HER EARS! I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO PROVE THAT WE ADULTS TAKE NO STOCK IN IT BY INVITING HER, AS SOON AS THE FUNERAL IS OVER, TO ONE OF OUR SEWING CIRCLE MEETINGS!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! WE'LL DO THAT!
IT IS NICE OF YOU LADIES TO INVITE ME TO JOIN YOUR SEWING CIRCLE, BUT I PREFER TO STAY HERE BY MYSELF!
WHAT BEAUTIFUL LACE YOU HAVE ON YOUR CUFFS! DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE A CLOSER LOOK?
DON'T!
YI!

TOMMY WAS RIGHT! SHE IS A WITCH!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE KILLS US, TOO!
AAGHHH!
I MUSN'T LET THE OTHER ONE GET AWAY!
HELP! HELP!
HELP! HELP! SHOOT HER, CONSTABLE! SHOOT HER! SHE IS A WITCH! SHE IS A WITCH!
IF A CROWD HADN'T GATHERED, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO HAVE BEEN SHOT TO DEATH, BUT I'M TOO TIRED TO CHASE ALL THESE PEOPLE! I GUESS I'M JUST GETTING OLD!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
INN

SHE LOOKS DEAD ALL RIGHT!
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TOUCH HER! SHE HAD THE TOUCH OF DEATH ON HER AND MAYBE SHE STILL HAS IT EVEN THOUGH SHE'S DEAD!
WE'LL SLIP A BOARD UNDER HER AND BUILD A COFFIN RIGHT ON TOP OF HER!
HA, HA, HA!
THIS IS ONE FUNERAL I SURE AM GLAD TO ATTEND -- BECAUSE IF I WASN'T ATTENDING IT, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN DEAD MYSELF!
NOW LET'S COVER IT UP WITH DIRT AND GO HOME AND TRY TO FORGET THIS HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS I FEEL LIKE REALLY LAUGHING! HA, HA!
BUT, FRIENDS, WHO IS REALLY GOING TO GET THE LAST LAUGH?
LOOK CLOSELY NOW! THAT'S RIGHT, THE GRAVE IS OPENING UP AGAIN!
SO REMEMBER, IF SOME LITTLE BOY TELLS YOU THAT HE'S JUST SEEN A WITCH, YOU'D BETTER THINK TWICE AND ACT EVEN FASTER BEFORE YOU SAY IT'S JUST HIS IMAGINATION! SEE YOU SOON! HA, HA!

***HAUNTED HORROR* AND *WEIRD LOVE* SPAWNED AN UGLY CHILD...**

HAUNTED LOVE!

A TRILOGY OF HORRIFIC ROMANCE

Rotting tales of supernatural Pre-code romance from the putrid horror comics of the 1950s.

Lurid lust! Vicious violence! Creepy kisses! Zombie-fied *Haunted Love* comes in three throbbing issues that will set your horrid heart afire.

Starting this February, *Haunted Love* makes your gift-giving to your vile Valentine unforgettable and unforgivable.

VISIT YOEBOOKS.COM

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE